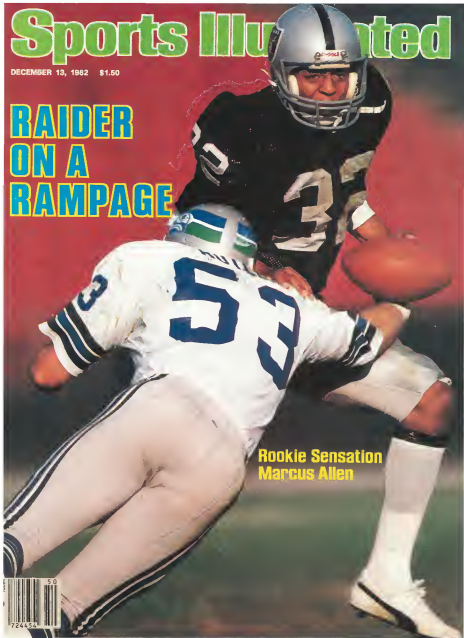


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



BINGHAM: EDITING'S NOT THE HALF OF IT

It's a tribute to Walter Bingham's versatility that his ascent of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's masthead has resembled that of a climber on Everest, his steady movement upward having been interrupted by frequent traverses as his own inclinations and current situations have demanded. Bingham, who joined us in 1955, has surely filled more roles on the staff than anyone else. He has been on the clip desk, a reporter, a writer and an editor; he has gone back to writing and then back to editing; he has been in charge of the outside text department and chief of research. He has written about or supervised coverage of almost every major sport and many of the minors. Recently we loaned him for several months to the task force planning a forthcoming magazine TV-CABLE WEEK, to help it develop a staff of editors and writers. And, as of Nov. 11, Bingham became our newest assistant managing editor.

If one is versatile in his professional life, his versatility rarely stops there, and Bingham's certainly doesn't. Aside from Bill Colson (perhaps a ringer because he once won a national junior championship) Bingham was for many years the best tennis player on a staff of tennis players; he's still the best distance runner (two-time Olympic marathoner Kenny Moore is undeniably a ringer) on a staff of runners, with seven

marathons going back to 1965 and a personal best of 3:13:51; and he's the best bridge player (occasional partner of former world champions Eddie Kantar and Oswald Jacoby)—indeed, with a pickup partner, Bingham won a duplicate tournament just last week. This talent undoubtedly derives in some measure from the world-class Bingham memory—useful when we need to know the date and score of some game played in 1937, but most agreeable in the form of his total recall of virtually all the songs from all the Broadway and movie musicals of the '40s and '50s.

But there's one area in which Walt and his wife, Betty (a former SI reporter), excel that is especially appreciated around here: They're the best hosts. We hire and bring to New York talented people from all over the country, and many of them get their first introduction to—and become at ease with—the rest of the staff at the Bingham home in Port Washington on Long Island. The annual Bingham Bowl, for some years now a Memorial Day fixture, involves the consumption of enormous quantities of ham, potato salad and beer and daylong athletic competition that renews the vigor of younger staffers and leaves the older ones with sprained ankles, pulled muscles and lower-back spasms. In 1976 the Bingham's organized and began sponsoring the Thanksgiving Day Port Washington Five-Mile Road Race for two purposes: to raise money for sports after their local school budget had been cut, and second, to memorialize Walt's fellow SI marathoner Gwilym Brown, who died in 1974. Last month's event drew 1,500 runners, including some top-class competitors and three SI staffers.

Walt has never won his own race, though his best time is a very respectable 30:31, but he'll keep running. At 52 he says, "I'll never stop. I plan to run forever." When he's not hitting over-heads, or dealing the cards, or changing typewriter ribbons, or...

Philip D. Harbert

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replay

by JIM STRAIN

AT THE TIME, THESE YOUNG GOLFERS THOUGHT A BAD LIE WAS A GOOD ONE

It was conceived as a harmless hoax and a slick way to get our names in the newspaper, but afterward we all regretted it. The truth is that my friend Jeff didn't make the hole in one we said he did that sorry summer day in Denver.

Inventing Jeff's hole in one was a sophomoric thing to do, and, appropriately enough, our foursome consisted of high school sophomores. None of us had developed much respect for golf as it should be played. Frequently a day on the golf course deteriorated into amiable horseplay. On one such occasion we hatched our modest conspiracy. The course was sparsely populated as we approached the 16th hole, a 174-yard par-3. Jeff was the best golfer among us, and we concluded that his scorecard would be the least likely to arouse suspicion when garnished with a hole in one. He reluctantly agreed.

A six-iron was selected as the most believable club for the feat, although we all teed off with woods. For the benefit of possible onlookers, we erupted into enthusiastic backslapping and club throwing when we reached the green.

We tried to be convincingly joyous at the pro shop. To our surprise, we were not only not challenged but were heartily congratulated. Whatever callow satisfaction we expected to reap from the ruse evaporated when we encountered the real pleasure in Jeff's good fortune expressed by those in the shop. When we signed Jeff's scorecard, we knew we'd crossed the invisible boundary separating spitball ethics from something worse.

Our names were printed in the *Rocky Mountain News*, and the ball Jeff had used was mounted on an ashtray as a gift from the manufacturer. Seventeen years later I still wince at the recollection. Perhaps worse than fabricating Jeff's hole in one was getting away with it.

Jeff really did sink an ace years later, but the club pro refused to record it because there was only one witness. Jeff said, "I guess things equal out."

END

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Footloose

by RICHARD ROGIN

WHEN IT GETS COLD UP NORTH, ASTUTE RUNNERS HEAD SOUTH TO GAINESVILLE

When runners sing of the meccas of America (O Walt Whitman!), they hail Eugene, Ore., of course, and Boulder, Colo. But why not two cheers at least for Gainesville, Fla. as a part-time training site. If only at that sweet moment when winter slides into spring—the two weeks when the year's formal competition starts with, say, a triangular meet among host University of Florida, Princeton and Iowa, moves on to the Lady Gator Relays and climaxes with the Florida Relays in late March.

During that time swarms of northern high school and college athletes, fleeing the cold and snow, lope along Gainesville's sandy loops and asphalt bicycle paths, its roadsides and sidewalks. With a flight of white ibis flapping and gliding overhead, they circle the still waters of Lake Alice: running past the bulgy eyes of alligators and past anhangas, high in a dead tree, hanging out their wings to dry; past palms, longleaf pines and live oaks festooned with Spanish moss; past ponies and sheep in a hillside field, the forest insect lab, the red-brick frat houses and the weed science building.

But the heart of this vernal mecca is the university's green nine-lane Percy M. Beard Chevron 440 track, where brigades of athletes congregate for speed work. Speed is the name of the game, and never more so than after a long harsh winter up north. The track is open to the tolerant multitudes—joggers in the outside lanes, hard runners on the inside—almost all day, from moist and misty dawn to well into the night, when the oval is illuminated by the so-called jogging lights from four tall concrete pylons. The Florida varsity takes over the track for practice for about an hour and a half in the afternoon, but the open-door policy permits jogging up to an hour before a big meet and even the use of the track when, say, a decathlon competition moves to the pole vault.

"You'd be surprised," says Mike Bozeman, an assistant coach, "or maybe you wouldn't, at the use the track gets."

The best example of this easy democracy of running comes around 6 p.m. at

that time of year when there's perhaps an hour's daylight left and it has become refreshingly cool. More than 100 boys and girls, men and women, go through their calisthenics and whirl out of the turns, their spikes making a whispery patter, their flats slapping on the Chevron surface. All the world seems to be hurdling and doing intervals—220s, 440s and 880s—accelerating covets of sprinters running with great etiquette, nobody overrunning anybody else. It's a seamless exercise in preparation for the first big meet of the spring.

There's just time to fiercely sprint 10 quarters, with a jog-lap recovery between each quarter, and then cool down as that electric Southern night arrives and one set of lights on each pylon is magically turned on. The track becomes an emerald wonderland, the runners part of a chiaroscuro display, hurtling out of the shadow turns into pools of light, rounding off their final efforts with a satisfying weariness, which means they're ready for the spring track season back home.

How did this track nirvana come to be?

The main creator was Jimmy Carnes, perhaps the leading figure in track and field in America. He was the coach who brought the University of Florida out of the running doldrums and the founder of the Florida Track Club (FTC). He's president of The Athletics Congress, and co-founder with fellow Gainesville resident Marty Liquori of the Athletic Attic chain of running stores. He was head coach of the ill-fated 1980 U.S. Olympic track team.

Carnes was coach at Furman University and went to Gainesville in 1964 to replace Percy M. Beard, after whom today's track is named. Carnes was 28 years old.

"It was like a dream come true," he says. "That beautiful weather. It's fantastic to get up early in the morning and not worry about freezing to death. Eugene, Boulder and Gainesville all have a super climate for guys to get together and train."

Soon after he arrived in Gainesville he put up a big sign: FLORIDA TRACK IS ON THE MOVE. To form and sustain the FTC, over the years he recruited 55 graduate student-athletes by advertising in *Track & Field News*, offering help in getting them assistantships at the university. In

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FOOTLOOSE *continued*

the mid-1960s, Carnes says, "There was no such thing as a track club in the South. The top athletes went to the West Coast to run."

His most significant recruit was Jack Bachelier, a tall (6' 6½"), talented and thoughtful distance runner from Miami of Ohio. He arrived in September 1966 and wound up taking his Ph.D. in entomology at the university. Bachelier also contributed to the birth and growth of Florida track. "He had to be the magnet," recalls Carnes. "He was winning and winning and winning. When he made the [Olympic] team in '68, others wanted to come down. 'There's some magic down there,' they thought."

"It became a self-perpetuating thing," says Bachelier, who was a 5,000-meter runner in the '68 Games although he couldn't compete in the finals because he got dysentery. "Hey, this skinny guy made the Olympic team! Maybe this is a good place to train." For a year and a half, at the start of the '70s, we were almost giddy with the way things worked out. It was hard to lose."

The Florida Track Club, with its distinctive logo, an orange on a white singlet, designed by Bachelier, became a cross-country powerhouse, winning the national championship in 1971.

Frank Shorter had arrived in Gainesville by then, looking for a suitable training site to see how good he really was at running, and also to attend law school. This was before Munich, the marathon gold and the days of glory; Shorter was living in a tacky trailer littered with running shoes and weights. Ken Misner and Jeff Galloway ran for the FTC from their base at Florida State, and other runners came from all over the country. Laquori also moved to Gainesville, but he kept running for the New York Athletic Club. In 1971, Carnes had the old all-weather track refurbished with the Chevron surface.

Still, even a super Gainesville booster like Carnes concedes that Florida summers, even its autumns, can be pretty warm.

Bachelier was instantly "kind of appalled at the heat. The advantages of the Gainesville scene were overstated for distance running. July in Gainesville, you jog two miles and you don't feel so good. For the first two years, I worked out essentially alone.

"It developed into a hotbed of distance running," Bachelier continues, but

continued

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FOOTLOOSE continued

at times it was simply hot. "Frank [Shorter] used to bolt to altitude [in Colorado], the smartest thing," as soon as the weather turned really warm.

Bachelor and Shorter became friends, creating a minor controversy by intentionally tying for first place in some races. All the runners, though, provided what Bachelor recalls as "the chemistry of it." Both Bachelor and Shorter made the 1972 Olympic team in the marathon. Shorter also made it in the 10,000 meters, along with Galloway. Shorter won the marathon and Bachelor finished ninth. In the 10,000, Shorter finished fifth but Galloway didn't make the finals.

The '72 Olympics signaled the beginning of the end of the golden era of Gainesville running. Bachelor got his degree and now recalls, "It was time to get on." He moved to North Carolina State, where he's an associate professor and coach of Julie and Mary Shea, the long-distance runners. Shorter graduated from law school in 1974 and now lives in Boulder.

Roy Benson, a half-miler at Dartmouth who was attracted by Carnes's ads, arrived in 1970 as an assistant coach and succeeded Carnes as head coach in 1976. Of the big-name runners that once populated the track, Benson says, "They all grew up and went to work for a living." Benson has watched the FTC change from an elite organization into a broad-based runners' club.

Gainesville's easy-running ambience still flourishes. Indeed, there has been a quantum leap in the number of joggers around town in recent years. Even the Hare Krishnas, chanting, cymbaling, drumming and hopping around in their little dance at the corner of West University and Northwest 13th, are wearing running shoes.

And then there are the "seasonal" runners. The northern winters and what a high school coach calls the "temperamental" early springs have driven many competitors South. For example, Coach Frank (Stretch) Longstreth, 61, of Western Reserve Academy in Hudson, Ohio, has taken his boys' track teams to train at Gainesville during spring vacations for no fewer than 30 years. A tall, exuberant, white-haired former Princeton half-miler, Longstreth, who is also a Latin teacher, used to drive the 945 miles from Ohio in 17 hours straight, taking his team in two vans. But lately he has stopped overnight in Charlotte, N.C., so the boys

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could be in shape to run the second day.

Longstreth's kids not only get a wonderful chance to train—working out on the often fog-shrouded track at 7 a.m., with a distance run in the afternoon—but are officially listed as the "hurdle crew," helping during the relay meets.

After years of scrounging free sleeping space from the university—for about five years the Western Reserve boys spread out their sleeping bags under the press box at the football stadium—Longstreth was forced to pay for lodging last spring. Not much, though, as he wangled a deal from a nearby motel—seven kids to a room, a total of 20 students for a princely \$51 a night. One morning Longstreth gathered his team on the sidelines before running time trials. He sweetly growled at them, as is his wont, in a rhetorical question-and-answer session.

"What's the point of the time trials?" he asked.

"To learn how to handle pressure," he answered himself.

Then he yelled in their faces. "That's what life's all about!" Lesson for the morning.

Longstreth enthusiastically trotted around the track, overseeing practice, letting all his runners know their splits.

"More arms!" he shouted as a sprinter whirled around the turn. Then he pointed out to me a gubby little distance runner who was also in his Vergil class.

I've been to Gainesville three times in the past 11 years, the last two with my son Frankie. When he was a high school freshman and ran a 4:58 mile, breaking five minutes for the first time, he had said with a naive dreamer's confidence, "Only 38 seconds to go."

Last spring, when he was a senior in high school, he tried a hard 440-yard repeat workout in Gainesville with three runners from St. Albans School for Boys in Washington, D.C. and was blown away. He never gave up, though eventually he lagged far behind. At the weary end, he said he was determined to beat them someday.

On another morning, he was doing 880-yard repeats, his head high, his eyes staring intently straight ahead at some distant vision of the future.

I don't know if he saw that he would run a 4:20 mile in the last meet of the spring, but that was his goal. For Frankie and all the other runners, that green track in Gainesville was part of a profound conspiracy of effort and dreams.

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EDITED BY ROBERT W. CREAMER

ON BOXING

Boxing is a harsh sport, the only one that permits the deliberate injury of an opponent. At its worst, it can be ugly and appalling, as it has been the past few weeks when, in succession, we saw the frightening knockout of Alexis Arguello, the death of Duk Koo Kim and the one-sided pounding of Randall Cobb.

It's awkward at such times to defend boxing, but defend it we do, remembering the extraordinary drama inherent in a good fight and the pride in human achievement that can be derived from it. Joe Louis in the ring at his peak was an exciting and admirable figure. So was Muhammad Ali. Memorable fights—such as Zale-Graziano, Ali-Frazier in Manila, the first Leonard-Duran bout—rank with the greatest of sporting events.

Part of boxing's appeal is undoubtedly atavistic, a deep, generally hidden desire in humans to attack and conquer, if only vicariously. We are civilized animals, with laws to restrain our baser instincts, but we are still animals, and mock-savage play like boxing and football is part of our heritage. But because the primitiveness of boxing is so apparent, we are quick to condemn it after a tragic accident like Kim's death.

Yet curiously, boxing, while unquestionably dangerous, is not as dangerous as it looks, and neither death nor serious injury are disproportionate aspects of it. A report entitled "Brain Injury in Boxing" that was approved by the American Medical Association last June implies that most investigations of the sport and its problems have been limited in scope. An oft-cited British study of the "punch-drunk syndrome," published in 1969 by A.H. Roberts, was based on examinations of only 224 of the 16,731 pro boxers registered with the British Board of Boxing Control between 1929 and 1955. The AMA's report doesn't dismiss the risk of brain damage to boxers but it does say that past studies haven't taken into consideration the possible effect on the brain of alcoholism, venereal disease and the aging process, and that such studies have often failed to include control groups for purposes of comparison.

As for fatalities, the death of any athlete is distressing, but fatality rates (deaths per 1,000 participants) for vari-

ous sports mentioned in the AMA report reveal that fewer boxers die in competition than do college football players, scuba divers and jockeys. The AMA cautions that it has no information on how these statistics were compiled and can't attest to their validity or reliability, but it concludes its report by saying, "Boxing is a dangerous sport that can result in death or chronic brain injury. However, other sports may also result in accidental death or brain injury. . . . [Boxing] does not seem any more dangerous than other sports presently accepted by society."

At the same time, the report strongly recommends stricter supervision of boxing, particularly on the professional side, and so do we. Too often, the callous greed of promoters and the political maneuverings of the underqualified hacks who ostensibly are the guardians of the sport undermine efforts to protect boxers. That should be corrected. But abandon the sport? No.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . .

In case you think financial lures to recruit college football players are something new, here's a paragraph *The Herald-Independent* of Winnsboro, S.C. reprinted this fall from its issue of Nov. 18, 1937 under the heading, 45 YEARS AGO. It reads, "This was overheard at the Carolina-Furman football game last Saturday. We do not vouch for the truthfulness of the statement—in fact, we hope it is false. Said a spectator: 'Two Gamecock players were talking. "Why didn't you tackle that man?"' said one. "Why didn't you?" replied his companion. "You make more than I do."'"

A BIGGER BANG FOR A BUCK?

Gun-control advocates may wince at the idea, but for several years now a handful of banks around the country have been giving away hunting rifles to folks who invest in long-term time deposits. It's something like the standard practice of giving investors premiums of dinnerware and toasters, except that the expensive rifles are presented in lieu of interest. The Bank of Boulder in Colorado has been doing this for about seven years, advertising in such magazines as *Ameri-*

can Rifleman and *American Hunter*, and says that over the last six years an eye-opening 30% to 40% of the money deposited in the bank has been rifle-inspired.

One of the latest banks to pursue this offbeat bonanza is First Citizens National of Newport, N.H. (pop. 3,500). First Citizens gives high-quality Ruger rifles (\$345 to \$480) made right there in Newport by Sturm, Ruger and Co., Inc., the town's largest employer. "The strategy," says First Citizens President James McLaughlin, "is to attract nationwide investors with a product made in our small town by many of our own customers. We are, in effect, a gun wholesaler." In fact,



like the other rifle-distributing banks, First National had to acquire a federal license as a firearms dealer.

One Newport woman withdrew her account from the bank in protest, McLaughlin admits ("She didn't want to walk into her friendly community bank and see rifles in the lobby"), but he says that hers was the only discouraging word. He has no qualms about offering rifles. "We're marketing specifically to responsible people who handle guns correctly," he declares.

MIGHTY PUZZLING

It was one of the curiosities of the past baseball season that the National League's home-run champion had a lower batting average than its Cy Young

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

winner. The slugger/non-hitter was the Mets' Dave Kingman, who had 37 home runs but hit only .204, well under the .218 average of Cy Young recipient Steve Carlton of the Phillies. Contrary to what one might assume, though, two earlier home-run champions have been similarly shamed. In 1959 Harmon Killebrew, the American League's co-leader in homers with Rocky Colavito—each had 42—batted .242 vs. Cy Young winner Early Wynn's .244. In 1970 Johnny Bench, who led the National League with 45 home runs, hit .293 while Cy Young awardee Boh Gibson batted .303.

Of course, it's one thing to be outed by somebody who hit .303 or even .244 and quite another to be outdone by somebody who batted .218. It's hard to figure out how Kingman can be at once so robust yet so anemic.

ACID REACTION

The Reagan Administration has opposed legislation to control acid rain because it says more research on the subject is needed. But last week the Office of Management and Budget ordered funds for the Advanced Utility Simulation Model Program (on which \$2 million has already been spent) to be slashed from \$650,000 to \$150,000. Environmentalists have declared that if the cut goes into effect, the study will come to an end just when it appears to be nearing answers—the answers about the cost of controlling emissions from coal-fired electrical generating plants that everyone involved in the acid-rain debate has been looking for. Slick gases from such plants are believed by most environmentalists to be the single largest cause of acid rain (*SL*, Sept. 21, 1981 *et seq.*).

"The purpose of the study," explains Dr. Michael Oppenheimer, a senior scientist with the Environmental Defense Fund, "is to understand the economics of emissions-control programs and to develop a 'least-cost' program for dealing with acid rain."

"I'm quite puzzled why the OMB would want to cut research," says Dr. Duane Chapman, professor of resource economics at Cornell and one of six principal investigators on the project. "A reduction of funds of 50% would effectively scrap the model," he said.

Edwin L. Dale Jr. of the OMB, noting that "It's a tiny item in terms of bucks," says the program is being throttled be-

continued

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cause the Environmental Protection Agency already has a model for estimating environmental control costs for utilities, and what's needed now is a model for industrial pollution. But Dr. James Skulski, an engineering professor at the University of Illinois, and one of Chapman's colleagues on the project, says, "If they have one, I don't know about it. Why would they spend \$2 million on ours if one already existed?"

Chapman says that if the reduction goes through, then Congress and the EPA, in making decisions about acid-rain legislation and regulation, will be "dependent on privately owned models that have strong financial ties to the electric industry." Oppenheimer warns, "A budget cut will make it more difficult to design a least-cost program, and the burden on utility ratepayers may become larger than necessary." And Richard Ayres, chairman of the National Clean Air Coalition, charges that the Administration is being hypocritical. "It argues against action on the grounds that we need more research," he says, "and then it orders a cut in the research."

Despite OMB's decision, Congress is still free to appropriate the funds. Says Republican John Chafee of Rhode Island, the chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Environmental Pollution, "I think reported plans to cut acid-rain research are an outrage. I doubt Congress will let it happen."

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM

Joe Morgan's three-run, seventh-inning home run on the final day of the 1982 season not only gave the San Francisco Giants a 5-3 win over the Los Angeles Dodgers, but it also gave the Atlanta Braves the National League West Division title by one game over L.A. Morgan had never been a particular favorite of Atlanta fans, but suddenly he was being toasted up and down Peachtree Street. Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young showed his city's gratitude by making Morgan, an Oakland resident, an honorary citizen of Atlanta.

Not to be outdone by the city fathers in the showing of appreciation, the Braves last week signed free agent Terry Forster to a three-year, \$1.5 million contract. The left-handed Forster served Morgan the pitch that clinched the title for Atlanta. Reminded of his inadvertent

part in the Braves' success, Forster said, "I felt awful. I'm paid to get the guy out in that situation. I made five good pitches, but..." Said Braves Executive Vice-President Al Thornwell, "Terry said he wanted to go to a winning team, and we're certainly that."

MOM'S BEST FRIENDS

While visiting the home of one All-America he was ready to sign, Faust was startled to hear the boy sharply reprimand his mother for turning down the stereo. "So I gave him a little forearm in the ribs and told him not to talk to his mother that way," says Faust, who subsequently withdrew the scholarship offer. . . .

—From an April 13, 1981

SI story on Notre Dame Coach

Gerry Faust

Once, when a promising player told his mother to "shut up," Sherrill ended the interview abruptly, though he'd driven 200 miles for the visit. . . .

—From a Sept. 27, 1982

story in *Proctor* on Texas A&M

Coach Jackie Sherrill.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Harness-racing driver Ben Webster and two other men, professional gambler Wayne (Babe) Donoway and attorney Anthony Genovese, who had been on trial together in Newark on charges of fixing four races at the Meadowlands in 1981, were absolved last Friday after the prosecution finished giving its evidence. U.S. District Court Judge H. Curtis Meador dismissed the charges, saying, "This is the thinnest case I've ever seen the United States government present in this court."

Much of the evidence brought forth by the government during the trial consisted of taped phone conversations between Webster and his co-defendants, which *New York Post* sportswriter Ray Kerrison had a field day with. During one of the phone calls, Donoway and Genovese were trying to select likely horses for an exacta bet and asked Webster about an animal called Trone Hanover. "I don't like him," Webster said. "He's a bastard." Trone Hanover won. Another time Webster was enthusiastic about Osborne's First. "He'll win," he

told Genovese on the phone. Osborne's First finished eighth. Webster also liked Bambi Almahurst and Allegate. Both lost.

Webster and his pals bet Gee Jay in three successive starts and lost all three. When Gee Jay was entered in another race, Donoway and Genovese asked Webster if they should bet it a fourth time. Forget it, the driver said. Gee Jay won and paid \$43.20. And Webster drove the horse.

A few days later, Donoway and Genovese asked Webster about a horse named Nickylou, which he'd also be driving. No chance, Webster said. Nickylou won and paid \$22.40. Soon thereafter, Donoway asked about the horses Webster would be driving on that night's program. Well, he had seven horses going, Webster said, but none of them was any good. He won the second race with Be Sly (\$13.80) and the eighth with Furman's Pop (\$28.60).

As Kerrison wrote, the one case the tapes seem to make is that Webster may be the worst handicapper ever to tout a horse.

THEY SAID IT

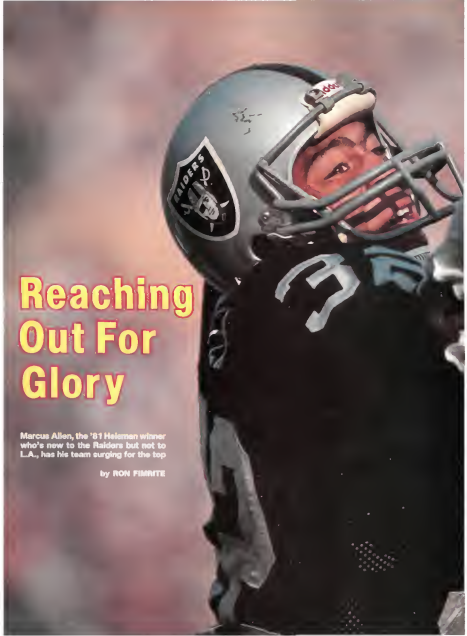
- Earl Strom, basketball referee, when Elvin Hayes broke the NBA record for career fouls: "I felt like stopping the game and giving him my whistle."
- Skip Caray, Atlanta Hawks broadcaster, with the Hawks 20 points behind the SuperSonics and only three minutes to play: "If you promise to patronize our sponsors, you have our permission to walk the dog."
- Hugh Durham, Georgian basketball coach, on the SEC's new 45-second clock: "That won't be a factor for us. We'll either shoot the ball or throw it away by then."
- Steve Shutt, Montreal Canadiens forward, after scoring two goals in a game in which he played only briefly, asked if he thought the Canadiens would continue to use him sparingly: "I don't know. I don't think I'm a hockey player."
- Hal Needham, onetime movie stuntman turned writer-director, after giving the Smithsonian Institution his Budweiser Rocket car, which set an unofficial land-speed record of 739.666 mph at Edwards Air Force base in 1977: "Ever since I was a kid, everyone's told me I belonged in an institution. I never thought it would be the Smithsonian."



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Reaching Out For Glory

Marcus Allen, the '81 Heisman winner who's new to the Raiders but not to L.A., has his team surging for the top

by RON FIMRITE



Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 13, 1982

Midway in the second quarter of the Los Angeles Raiders' 28-23 win over Seattle Sunday in the L.A. Coliseum, Running Back Marcus Allen, the NFL's most exciting newcomer, took a pitchout at his own 44-yard line from Quarterback Jim Plunkett and set off on a sweep right. Fullback Kenny King applied the spring block on Cornerback Keith Simpson, and Allen cut behind it as swiftly and cleanly as a hot knife through cold butter. When Wide Receiver Bob Chandler gave him another block downfield, Allen slanted to the sideline, eating up yardage with long, graceful strides. Hemmed in momentarily near the Seattle 20, he cut back toward the center of the field, leaving Defensive Back Dave Brown ludicrously clawing air. This last deception, however, gave Linebacker Bruce Scholtz time to catch up, and Allen was brought down at the three. No matter. He scored the Raiders' fourth and last touchdown of the day on the very next play. Allen and the Raiders were one step closer to capturing the hearts of their still skeptical new fans.

Actually, the 53-yarder was Allen's second long gainer of the first half. On the Raiders' third play from scrimmage, he neatly reversed his field on another sweep, eluded four tacklers and raced for 33 yards. He gained 121 yards on 12 carries in the first half alone and finished the day, his best yet in the NFL, with 156 yards and two touchdowns. In five games Allen has now rushed for 415 yards, the third highest total in the AFC, and scored a conference-leading seven

continued



King (33) became a blocking back upon Allen's arrival; but when King does carry the ball, Allen (32) becomes a willing blocker.

MARCUS ALLEN continued

touchdowns to spark the Raiders, a disappointing 7-9 team last year, to a 4-1 record.

Granted, Allen wasn't exactly devastating in the second half Sunday, but by then he had lost two key blockers, King (pinched nerve) and Tackle Henry Lawrence (strained knee) to injuries. Besides, the Raiders seem able to play only one half of every game. Against San Diego on Nov. 22, it was the second half, during which they came from behind, 24-7, to win, 28-24. Sunday, it was the first. In the final two quarters against Seattle, they scored not at all and were saved from defeat two minutes from the finish by Burgess Owens' interception on the Raider three of a Jim Zorn pass. Behind 28-0 at one point in the second quarter, the spunky young Seahawks, now 2-3, had nearly pulled out a win on 16 fourth-quarter points. "We let Seattle come back to keep the fans in the stands," joked Linebacker Ted Hendricks, albeit

hollowly, for there weren't that many fans—42,170 (9,866 no-shows)—in the stands to begin with.

But if the NFL ever regains its popularity, the Marcus Allens in its ranks will be the cause. The 1981 Heisman Trophy winner from USC not only leads the Raiders in rushing but also is their second-leading pass receiver, with 21 catches. He's the thrill runner the Raiders have long sought, and he plays with verve and guts. "You can't drag Marcus Allen down with one arm," lamented Seattle Defensive Tackle Manu Tuasosopo after Sunday's game. "I know, I had three or four missed tackles. You've got to hold him up and nail him. To slow a runner like that down you've got to bat him and continue to hit him. That boy's remarkable. He just keeps coming at you." Added the Seahawks' defensive coordinator, Jackie Simpson, "Marcus is the best cut-back runner I've ever seen."

He's not a bad comeback runner, either. The week before, the Cincinnati Bengals, whose defense against the run

was the league's best, held Allen to exactly zero yards in eight attempts. The Raiders' huge offensive line—269-pound average tackle to tackle—never solved the Bengals' shifting, stunting three-four defense, and L.A. suffered its only loss of the bifurcated season, 31-17. "Marcus Allen?" inquired Bengal Defensive End Eddie Edwards. "Why, he's just another rookie." Allen was undismayed. His pal and fellow USC alumnus, O.J. Simpson, had had worse days. "O.J. told me he once had a game against the Colts where he carried seven times and ended up with minus-10 yards," said Allen after the Cincy debacle. "At least I broke even."

When the Raiders drafted the 6' 2", 210-pound Allen, cynics hinted it was merely for cosmetic purposes. Managing General Partner Al Davis needed a local attraction to sweeten his bitterly protested move from Oakland to Los Angeles. Allen may have rushed for 2,342 yards in his senior year at USC—an NCAA single-season record—but Woody Allen

could have done nearly as well behind the crack Trojan line. With a 4.6 40, Marcus wasn't fast enough for the NFL, it was said. And who knew if he could catch the ball? If you carry it 30-40 times a game, how often can they throw it to you? Alas, there's no profit in underestimating Davis. The Raider maestro knew what he had. And he knew that Allen was the key to his planned return to an old and treasured style of play. The other key was King, who had been the Raiders' starting halfback in 1980 and '81 and

their leading ground-gainer last year, with 828 yards.

The 5'11", 205-pound King is a speedy, breakaway back but in college at Oklahoma he was a wishbone fullback—he had averaged 7.8 yards on only 99 carries as a senior in 1978—and was, therefore, an experienced blocker. As a teammate of, first, Billy Sims (at Oklahoma) and then Earl Campbell (at Houston in 1979) and finally Plunkett and Allen, King often wears a T shirt on which is inscribed, I BLOCK FOR THE HEISMAN.

"Maybe someday they'll give me a replica of the trophy in recognition of the part I've played," he says. Davis, Raider Coach Tom Flores and King himself all agreed that, with Allen on the team, fullback was the spot for King. "I like quick-hitting plays where I don't have to wait for things to develop," says King. "Kennedy is more of an explosive type of runner than a move type," says Flores.

Allen, quintessentially, is a move man. When King first saw him dance away from tacklers in training camp, he knew immediately that he was watching his replacement at halfback. "There was no question in my mind then," King says, "that that man should be our number one ball carrier." But nine-year veteran Mark van Eeghen, the Raiders' career rushing leader, was back at fullback after missing most of 1981 because of injuries, and Allen, for all his apparent brilliance, was still an untried rookie. Two preseason games convinced Flores that Allen was ready, and in the third quarter of the third exhibition, King was told to go in at fullback. "I didn't even know all the plays," King says. "I also didn't have any choice in the matter and I knew it was good for the team." King was there to stay, and Van Eeghen was released one week later. He now plays for New England.

The switch has returned L.A. to an offensive concept pioneered by Davis. "Remember, the Raiders developed the five-man pass game with the backs going deep," says Davis' executive assistant, Al LoCascio. Not since the team had Halfback Clemon Daniels and Fullback Hewitt Dixon together in the mid-'60s have they had two backs playing at the same time with the speed to run deep pass patterns. Van Eeghen and his predecessor, Marv Hubbard, were power fullbacks who locked the Raiders into a backfield style alien to Davis' original everybody-go-long scheme of things.

"We didn't create new plays for Marcus," says Flores, the Raiders' original quarterback. "We just dusted off some old ones." In truth, Los Angeles, for all its dedication to the long passing game, has played against so many deep zones

continued

With a good ground game and two backs who can go deep, Plunkett is a winner again.





At the end the Raiders almost let the Seahawks out of their grasp.

MARCUS ALLEN *continued*

lately that it has had to shelve it, for the most part, in favor of shorter patterns. "Some of the safeties are so far back that I can't even see them," says Plunkett. "But we're still deep conscious." Anyway, adds Plunkett, Allen has "increased our options. We have two backs now, in Marcus and Kenny, who are capable of going all the way on either a run or a pass. And we aren't afraid anymore to hand the ball off on second-and-seven."

Allen's running talents have been so well documented that it's easy to forget how truly versatile he is. He was a quarterback at Lincoln High in San Diego, and he is a constant threat now on the option pass. In the 38-14 pre-strike win over Atlanta, he completed a 47-yarder to Cliff Branch to set up a Raider touchdown. He was a fullback his first two years at USC and, like King, blocked for a Heisman winner, Charles White. And for all of the student body rights and lefts, the Trojans threw the ball often enough for Allen to develop considerable receiving skills. "He's a complete back," says King in admiration. LoCasale likes to cite a touchdown Allen scored against Atlanta as evidence of his all-around capabilities. "The Falcons were in a blitz," says LoCasale, "and Marcus picked it up and just creamed this linebacker. Then he

was clear in the flat and Jimmy threw to him. He put on a burst of speed to run away from two tacklers, and as he neared the goal line, he just vaulted over two more to score. So in one 14-yard play, you saw his tremendous blocking ability, his great acceleration, his jumping skills and, above all, determination."

Because Allen and King both block so enthusiastically, they are especially popular with their offensive linemen, and Allen never fails to credit a teammate for a good block. "Marcus is a very unselfish player," says Flores. "When linemen see a guy like him, a Heisman Trophy winner, go in there and stick somebody the way he does, they absolutely love it."

"When we see those two guys blocking their hearts out for each other, it makes all the difference in the world," says Guard Mickey Marvin. "Then, too, they're both such explosive runners. All we got to do is get a piece of our man and they're gone. Not that we don't want to make a perfect block, you understand." Allen draws as many cheers in team film sessions for his blocking as for his uncanny moves. "I think he's as good a blocker as he is a runner," says Guard Curt Marsh.

Davis mingled with Sunday's disappointing crowd of 42,170, 30,830 short of capacity.

Allen is apparently unmoved by the kudos heaped on his shoulders. "I came here to play football," he says, "to contribute in small ways or large." He was prepared, he says, for the confusion of this peculiar season. "I knew there was the possibility of a strike," he says, "and, of course, I knew about the team's move to L.A." He was equally prepared for an organization fabled for eccentricity from top to bottom. "Bobby Chandler told me to expect to meet a bunch of individuals, not 49 look-alikes. He was

right. And contrary to popular belief, they're a great group of guys. What they do here is incorporate all these different personalities into a common cause."

If it has been an unsettling season for



all NFL players, it has been absolutely discombobulating for the Raiders, the displaced persons of football. They play their home games in the L.A. Coliseum but practice 365 miles away on a field only a 10-minute drive from their old home, the Oakland Coliseum. Davis prowls his practice grounds, protesting to any Bay Area newsmen who happen on the premises that "I didn't want to move." Then he will gesture in the direction of the vacant stadium nearby and say, "But they wouldn't give me a facility competitive with the times." He will then wander off to deliver a presumably different pitch to Los Angeles writers. It's a situation rife with absurdity. The Raiders, who for more than two decades were a big part of the Bay Area sports picture, are still around and yet they're not. The players cannot expect to read much about themselves in the local papers because they no longer play on a local team. Daily stories are written about them in Los Angeles papers, to be sure, but the Raiders rarely see these. When they



Owens cut off the Seahawks' last drive at the three.

training camp in Oakland, at least until his Southern California operation is in better shape, has worked little hardship on many of his players, however, since they already resided in the Bay Area. Allen is an exception. After he signed, he bought a home in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. He hasn't been able to move in yet because of his working conditions. His folks live in San Diego. When the Raiders play at home, he stays with the team at an L.A. hotel. In Oakland, he lives in a hotel about a mile from the training camp. The Oakland airport is just across the street. His is a lonely regimen: practice during the day, television in his hotel room at night and travel every weekend. It's not the sort of life a

played their regular-season home opener against San Diego on Nov. 22, the visiting team practiced closer to the home field than the home team. The nearest the Raiders have played to their home base was in their road opener against San Francisco.

This, of course, is the ideal situation for a Davis team. When the Raiders won the Super Bowl two years ago, the controversy over the L.A. transfer was just heating up. Davis was vilified almost daily in the Bay Area press. More news was coming out of courtrooms than stadiums. The circumstances couldn't have been more salubrious. No team in any sport is as indoctrinated with a "them and us" philosophy as this one, and the more the public rose up against them, the happier the Raiders were. "We thrive on adversity," says Marsh. "It's an ingredient on this team. It makes us closer. We have to clear these roadblocks together." What could be better for players of this nature than a season in which every game is essentially a road game?

Davis' decision to keep the Raiders'

rich and famous young football star might choose, but Allen has adjusted to it as easily as he has to Sunday football. "I have no control over these things," he says, "so why worry about them. I just want to play ball."

The L.A. fans haven't exactly clasped the Raiders to their collective bosom. For too many years, after all, the Raiders were the bad guys from up north. And they still aren't really in L.A., even if Davis has got one of his COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE signs painted across from FIGHT ON USC on a wall of the L.A. Coliseum's players' tunnel. But for Allen this is home turf, and if the fans respond to no one else, they respond to him.

After the Seattle survival test, Allen mused about the vicissitudes of this strange game. He had gained not a single yard rushing one week and more than 150 the next. "Well, I feel I'll have more good days than bad," he said. Then he laughed. "You know, I don't know what the hell I'm doing out there most of the time. It's all instinct." That, perhaps, and lots of talent.

END





It has been the lot of Thomas Hearns to be regarded solely as a cannon, something to be rolled into a ring to reduce an opponent to rubble. Last Friday night, against Wilfred Benitez in New Orleans' Superdome, Hearns finally showed that he brings more to boxing than a big bang. Fighting with only his left hand from the eighth round on after hurting the right on Benitez' head, Hearns outboxed the master boxer and lifted the Puerto Rican's WBC super welterweight (154-pound) championship on a majority decision. One judge ruled it a draw, the two others had Hearns the winner.

"When I fight, people expect to see a knockout," said Hearns, known as The Human Bomb. "Well, they're only going to see one if Benitez does something stupid. If he tries to draw a shot and counter over it, then he'll be on the canvas. But I expect it will go 15, and I'm going to give him a boxing lesson."

Benitez had won most of his 45 fights, and titles in three different weight divisions, by utilizing his skills as a boxer. "Hit without being hit" is the imperative of the sport, and Benitez had excelled at the latter without having to worry unduly about the former. Until he faced Hearns.

"I've worked hard on some things since I lost to Leonard," said Hearns, whose defeat by Sugar Ray Leonard in September 1981 in their welterweight title unification bout was his only loss in 35 pro fights. "I've worked hard on my jab. On my boxing. Learning how to move my head to get away from shots. How to tie a man up inside. Leonard gave me the inspiration to learn. Whatever Benitez does, I'm ready."

It was also Leonard who handed Beni-

The Hitman Becomes The Hit-And-Run Man

A renowned slugger turned boxer, Thomas Hearns separated Wilfred Benitez from his WBC super welterweight title by PAT PUTNAM

tez his only defeat, Sugar Ray winning the WBC welterweight title from him in November 1979. There are those who say that Benitez lost that fight because he trained only seven days. Benitez has been known to get home when other boxers are getting up to run, and before the Hearns bout he hadn't had a fight since he beat Roberto Duran in January. Benitez' father, Gregorio, who is his trainer

and harshest critic, was worried about Hearn. Not Wilfred. "I will win without difficulty. I will kill Hearn," he said. "Yes, I will kill him."

That alarming assertion came as no surprise; with Benitez, confidence verges on arrogance. He won his first title, the WBA junior welterweight, at 17; his second, the WBC welterweight, at 20; and his third, the WBC super welterweight, some 2½ years later. After Hearn, he planned to take on middleweight champion Marvin Hagler. "No problem," he said, taking a line from Napoleon as the first snowflake fell in Russia.

Benitez is a superb counterpuncher, and though he has knocked out 26 opponents, he isn't considered a big hitter. He wears down an opponent with body shots. When at his best defensively, he could lie down on the San Diego Free-way at 5 p.m. and not get run over.

But on entering the ring in New Orleans, Benitez seriously erred. Glowering at Hearn, who was already at a boil because of Benitez' choice of the word "kill," the champion said, "I could beat you and Leonard in the same night."

Replied Hearn coldly, "If you think that, you must be asleep."

For the first three rounds, Benitez didn't have much of a strategy. Mostly he stayed on the ropes, bobbing and weaving, seemingly happy just to make Hearn miss. Patiently the challenger used the early going to establish his jab.

In the fifth, Benitez was caught off-balance with his legs spread too wide. He staggered back and broke his fall by placing both gloves on the floor. As Hearn moved in, referee Octavio Meyran mysteriously jumped between the two and gave Benitez a mandatory eight-count. The champion just smiled. If Meyran hadn't intervened, Hearn might have ended the fight right there.

Deciding he wasn't going to sucker Hearn into a mistake while resting against the ropes, Benitez switched tactics in the sixth. But by then Hearn had found his range. He began stepping in, firing one shot and then stepping back, reducing Benitez' offensive moves to a series of head-first lunges.

"People talk about Benitez being swift, but he's not," Emanuel Steward, his manager-trainer, had told Hearn.

"He keeps his feet flat and too far apart. Keep moving; keep him turning."

In the eighth, Hearn hit Benitez high on the head with a right, and he felt something give in his hand. It's his power hand, the one that dropped 32 of his victims. But when he went back to the corner he didn't mention the pain.

"He never told me until after the fight," said Steward later. "He said he knew I was already too nervous and he didn't want to make it worse for me. I couldn't understand it. He was setting Benitez up beautifully for the right hand, and then he never threw it."

In the ninth Hearn slipped and took a mandatory eight. Pulling back from a Benitez right counter, he got his legs tangled and tripped. Then Benitez stepped on his right foot, and he fell.

"I no hit him," Benitez said. "But as he started to fall I think he try to kick me, so I step on his foot."

After that, Hearn, his right hand useless, kept the lunging Benitez off-balance with the jab. He didn't hit Benitez that much, but then, Benitez didn't hit him at all, mostly because he neglected to punch. Defense as practiced by Benitez is a poetic art, but nobody ever knocked down a wall with a poem.

Just before the start of the 15th round, Gregorio sent his son out with these words of advice, "Just take it easy. You got the fight."

Across the way, Steward was urging Hearn to let it all hang out.

"You feel tired?" Steward asked.

"No."

"Well, throw the right. I don't know how they got it scored, but the only official I can see is the referee, and that makes me awfully worried."

The 15th round was eventful, with both fighters on the attack. When it was over, Judge Lou Filippo gave it to nobody, 142-142, while the others, Tony Castellano (144-139) and Duck Young (146-136) had Hearn the winner.

Afterward, Gregorio was his usual tactless self. "The judges are a bunch of crooks," he said. "For the last seven or eight rounds the other guy was on a bicycle with his right hand stuck up his behind, and they take the title away from a three-time world champion."

Gregorio also ruled out a rematch.

"Who needs it?" he said. "One robbery is enough. One thing Hearn does is run, and if a boxer who runs can beat a triple champion, who needs him? I saw Cassius Clay run, and they give it to him. Maybe everybody just wants to destroy boxing. We fight Marvin Hagler. If not him, then I tell Wilfred to retire."

In the dressing room, Benitez' mother gently wiped the sweat from her son's face. "You have nothing to be ashamed of," she said. Then she kissed him on the cheek. "Un besito para el nene," she said softly. A kiss for a child.

The next morning Steward was asked about Hagler. "Not right now," he said. I think we would like to defend this title



Lifting the title earned Hearn another lift.

first. Then we'll think about Hagler."

It was 10 a.m. and Hearn, who had taken the first flight out, had already arrived home in Detroit to get his right hand X-rayed, although his physician, Dr. Fred Lewerenz, had said he thought the injury was no more than a slight separation between the first knuckle and the thumb, which the X rays confirmed.

Before Hearn left New Orleans he was asked about Hagler. "Who?" he replied. "Oh? Well, if he wants me he knows where he can find me." **END**

If there is such a thing as pro basketball chic, the Kansas City Kings don't have it. Here are players with names better suited to hod carriers than power forwards, names like Tank and Grady and Scrap Iron. There are no Icemen and no Skywalkers on the Kings, whose leading scorer, 6' 7" Forward Eddie Johnson, is known to his teammates as Spud, Spud being short for Potato Head, which, as nicknames go, isn't much to hang your hat on, unless it's an itty bitty hat, of course, about the size of a potato.

Here's a team whose top draft choice doesn't know the plays, has been asked by the coach not to shoot, and for reasons known only to him, hasn't done his laundry in more than a month. "In college I didn't wash until I ran out of clean underwear," says rookie Center LaSalle Thompson, who is out of Texas U. and nearly out of clean socks. "I figure I've got about two weeks left, unless something happens and I've got to wear two

pairs of underwear in one day." The sound you just heard was LaSalle Thompson's mother fainting.

That the Kings were able to struggle through their worst spell of the season last week (beating Chicago and Seattle, losing to New Jersey and Golden State) and still be 10-6 and in first place in the Midwest Division by half a game over San Antonio, is a measure of just how far they've come in a year. At this point last season the Kings were 5-11 on their way down a 30-52 drain. After going to the Western Conference playoff finals in 1981, Kansas City had lost Otis Birdsong and Scott Wedman, its two best players, through free agency. That set in motion a series of trades that eventually left the Kings with only two of 12 players from the 1981 playoff team.

Some of the bodies that came and went during the interim weren't always the ones that Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons wanted. He was able to extract Forward Cliff Robinson from New Jersey in exchange for the rights to Birdsong, for ex-

ample (Birdsong having signed an offer sheet with Cleveland, so Kansas City's hand was forced), but Fitzsimmons' plan all along was to fatten up Robinson's scoring average and then trade him. "Having to put up with Cliff last year went against everything I believe in," Fitzsimmons says. "He was always taking shots when I knew he wasn't open. Now all my guys know if they have an open shot, they'll get the ball."

Kansas City won its final three games last season after Robinson had been dealt to Cleveland for Forward Reggie Johnson, and despite all the hard times, Eddie Johnson says, "We wanted the season to continue."

Another new player acquired last year was Point Guard Larry Drew, brought in from Detroit to back up Phil Ford, the incumbent at that position and a great fi-

continued

Drew, in from Detroit, wheels and deals an average of 8.1 assists per game at guard.

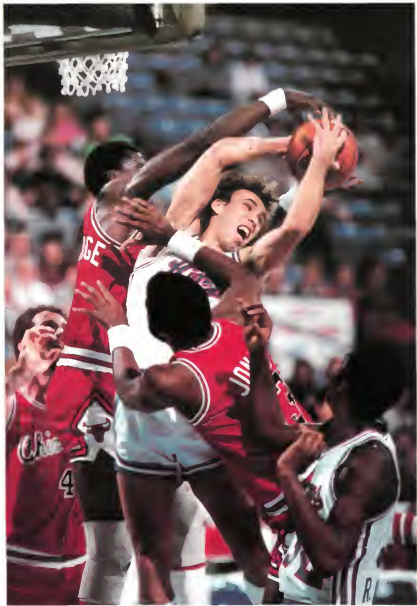


Old Times Are Forgotten In The Land Of Cotton

The bad old season of '81-82, that is, all because Cotton Fitzsimmons has K.C. cruising in the Midwest

by BRUCE NEWMAN

Rookie Steppe, no preppie, exemplifies the Kings' newfangled blue-collar work ethic.



vorite of Fitzsimmons'. Cotton had come to Kansas City as coach the same season that Ford had been Rookie of the Year, and they had transformed the 31-51 Kings of a season earlier into division champions. So when it became apparent last season that Drew was outplaying Ford, Fitzsimmons admits, "It bothered me. Everybody gradually contributed to the success of the franchise, but nobody more than Phil. When I gave Phil the ball and said, 'Do it,' he did it. He was the last piece we needed to be successful." Despite his misgivings, when the Nets offered Guard Ray Williams for Ford, Fitzsimmons jumped at the deal.

Williams had often carried the Nets last year, averaging 20.4 points a game, and the Kings desperately needed him to fill the shooting guard role that Birdsong had left vacant. So far Williams has played erratically, shooting only 36% from the field and averaging 4.8 turnovers a game (including an errant inbounds pass with 10 seconds left that could have doomed what would turn

out to be a 106-103 victory over the Sonics last Sunday night), yet in spite of Williams' slow start, the Kings have won. "I have never brought my teams out of the gate quickly," Fitzsimmons says, "but [K.C. General Manager] Joe Axelson and I thought it was vital to the franchise to win early. So I cut the roster down quickly in preseason and worked everyone hard. That part of it was planned. But you can plan all you want and still be 5-9."

One thing that losing 52 games accomplished for the Kings last season was to give Fitzsimmons' younger players plenty of game experience. "We took the beatings last year," the coach says. "I don't know of a game in which we didn't try to win, but after we got into them, there were a lot of games I knew we weren't going to win. So I would leave guys in, let them get their 20 minutes, and I think we're reaping the benefits of that now. This year if a guy's going bad, I don't have to stay with him."

One player Fitzsimmons had counted on heavily last year was Forward Reggie King, who established himself as one of the league's best power forwards during the 1981 playoffs, in which he averaged 21.3 points and 10 rebounds a game. Instead, after having his contract renegotiated in the off-season, King showed up overweight and never regained his earlier form. "I don't know why he got heavy," Fitzsimmons says, "but I have to question his incentive. I wanted to go to Reggie, I did go to Reggie, but it was a waste of time. Guys who had never gotten close to him before were knocking the ball back in his face."

This season King rumbled into training camp at 248 pounds, more than 20 pounds overweight, despite having put himself on a strict tuna fish diet after gorging on junk food all summer. All the diet did was put King into the hospital. "I



K.C. is waiting for Williams to regain his soft touch.

had to lay down for four days, man," he says. "They said my potassium and my electric lights were out of balance." You'd be fat, too, if your electric lights were out of balance. Meanwhile, the Reggie King diet book, tentatively entitled *How to Eat Your Way into a Coma and Out of a Job with 300 Pounds of Tuna Fish and One Big Twinkie* is expected in the bookstores by Christmas.

While it's not surprising that King hasn't played much while getting down to his present, near-svelte 231 pounds, what is astonishing is that Eddie (Scrap Iron) Nealy is the Kings' starting power forward. Nealy was the 166th player taken in last June's draft, the lowest pick to make an NBA roster this season. The fact that Nealy's sister is engaged to Kansas City's P.R. director and that he played at Kansas State, where Fitzsimmons once coached, probably had as much to do with the Kings' choice as any promise he might have shown. But when Thompson held out and missed all of training camp, King showed up fat, and Kenny Dandard had to undergo surgery during the pre-season for testicular cancer, Nealy got his shot.

Eddie Johnson has his shooting eye this season, averaging a team-leading 19.8 ppg.

continued



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Nealy wasn't even going to bother to try out for the Kings, hoping to get an offer from a team in Europe, but nobody over there wanted him. With big square shoulders and a body that was once described as looking "as if it should be up on blocks," Nealy isn't exactly in the mold of the game's great forwards, but he embodies the spirit of the new can-do Kings. Nealy may also be the first player in history to use the Lakers' Kurt Rambis, new champion of the gawky underdog, as his role model. "People look at him and say, 'If he can do it, I can do it,'" Nealy says, almost misty-eyed. "I guess a guy like me gives the people somebody they can relate to."

It may have been more than a coincidence that the Kings started a four-game road winning streak—the best such in the club's history—when Nealy started against the Phoenix Suns in the fifth game of the season. Matched against the formidable Maurice Lucas, Nealy got a quick introduction to intimidation NBA style. During one rather emotionally charged interlude, Lucas turned on Nealy and said, "Hey there, young meat, now I'm gonna show you the meaning of rough." Lucas proceeded to do just that, and after several verbal exchanges between the two, Nealy was taken out of the game. From the bench he continued to cudgel Lucas in his loudest voice.

On one level or another, the Kings are a team of Nealys. "We've just got guys that get in there and scrap and fight," says Joe C. Meriweather. "Sometimes it doesn't take big names, it takes people working together." New Jersey Guard Fouts Walker, who got his first look at the Kings last week in a 112-103 Nets victory, is even more blunt. "With the overall team that they've got," Walker says, "I'd say Cotton's doing a hell of a job."

Fitzsimmons isn't altogether unwilling to admit this. "Joe C. is a backup center who's now starting," Fitzsimmons says, "and Detroit wouldn't have given us Drew if they didn't think he was a backup. New Jersey wouldn't have traded Mike Woodson if they didn't think he was a backup-type. You can go right down the line with us and all you see is backups. Ray is the only one who's in a different category. But

that doesn't mean you can't win with them."

Williams' slow start has been the most confounding aspect of Kansas City's performance. "Ray took the Knicks to the playoffs; he took the Nets to the playoffs," says Fitzsimmons, "and I'm hoping he can take us there, too."

Williams, who grew up in the New York suburb of Mount Vernon, claims that blending in with the Kings has been a snap compared to blending in with the community. "Kansas City ain't no great place," he says. "It's not bad, it's just slower. After a game when you want to get something to eat, it's nice to have a choice. Ain't nothing but pizza places, though. K.C. is the pizza-eatingest town I've ever been in. Within a mile of my house there's about six places to eat—a Hardee's, a McDonald's, and the rest are all pizza places."

During Williams' slump, Eddie Johnson has given the Kings a scoring threat both inside, where he's an effective post-up player, and outside, where he's a real threat with the jump shot. "We have to play well as a team every night to win," Johnson says. "On a team like the Lakers, two guys can play well and the rest of them can just coast and they can still win. We know we can't do that." So far,



Nealy is the lowest pick to make the NBA.

among the good teams the Kings have played and beaten are Milwaukee, Phoenix, San Antonio and Seattle.

The Kings have two players named Reggie (Johnson and King), two Edies (Johnson and Nealy), and three Johnsons (Eddie, Reggie and Steve), which is why they also have a lot of nicknames. Reggie Johnson has the most confusing name, and he's called Grady, although nobody can remember why. This year the team drafted a Brook (Steppe) and a LaSalle, which sound more like the names of a couple of fashion models than of guys who tote their lunch pails to work. Thompson's great-grandmother was a runaway slave who took the Underground Railroad to French Canada and named her first-born son LaSalle, which means "the room." LaSalle III is almost as big as a room, and when he learns the plays, Fitzsimmons hopes to use him at forward. "I can move LaSalle over there once he figures out what league we're in," Fitzsimmons says. "When he does, guys won't want to put their bodies on him. He's an animal."

Ah, well. chic doesn't necessarily put pizza on the table.



Fitzsimmons' youth movement has paid dividends.



The Star Of Star Island

Miami's Bob Kuechenberg, once an NFL reject, is now lord of a manor
by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

It could have ended for Bob Kuechenberg 13 years ago when two NFL teams cut him and he wound up playing for the Chicago Owls of the Continental League for beer and pretzel money. It could have ended after Dallas' 24-3 win over Miami in the 1972 Super Bowl when he was a young, second-year left guard for the Dolphins and the Cowboys' Bob Lilly ate him up, and people wondered when Don Shula would get some help for his offensive line. It could have ended as it did for his older brother, Rudy, who'd been a journeyman linebacker for the Chicago Bears.

"Rudy'd been out of football for a while when he came to Miami looking for a job in the early '70s," says George Young, in those days Shula's pro personnel man and now the Giants' general manager. "He was wearing an old pair of Levi's. He'd played only three years, but

he looked like he'd played 10. Shula said, 'Maybe we can use him for busting wedges.' I said, 'Busting wedges? Are you crazy? The wedges'll bust him.'"

It could have ended like that for Bob Kuechenberg, but instead it will end on the patio of a \$3.5 million mansion on Miami Beach's Star Island, Florida's closest thing to a feudal principality, with Kuechenberg sipping a drink, looking across Biscayne Bay at the lights twinkling on the Venetian Causeway and saying, "Yep, it's been quite a career."

Not that it's over yet. Far from it. The Dolphins are 4-1 and heading for the playoffs again, and the 6' 2", 255-pound Kuechenberg remains a dominant force at left guard. And Shula won't be quick to forget the 13 years Kuechenberg has given him, in four of which he made All-Pro, and the years he sacrificed an All-Pro shot by playing out of position at left tackle. Nor will Shula forget the way Kuechenberg came back and played after breaking two vertebrae in '77, or the way he neutralized the Vikings' Alan Page in the '74 Super Bowl five weeks after a pin had been inserted to hold together a broken bone in his left forearm. "If you like football, you've got to like Kooch," Shula says. "If there was ever a Bronko Nagurski type, a guy who'd look right playing without a helmet, it's Bob Kuechenberg. He's a throwback."

Which is what they say about every lineman who has lasted this long in the NFL. In truth, Kuechenberg is a special throwback—way back to the days when men went at each other with mace and ax. And if one of them lasted 13 years, he'd be called in by the baron, who would look at his warrior's battered features and say, "Well, Sir Robert, you've served me well and shattered a lot of helmets, and so I've picked out this nice little parcel of land for you..."

And Sir Robert would have it made. And so does Kuechenberg, except that nobody handed him anything. His mansion is the result of trading upward, start-

continued



Kuechenberg's living room attests to his long tours in the antiques field. On the playing field, when not trapping opponents as a guard, he's Miami's long snapper on kicks.

ing with a \$55,000 house in 1976. Buy a house no one wants, get it in shape, make it beautiful, sell it and buy another. "My wife, Marilyn, is the genius," Kuechenberg says. "We've renovated 12 homes in seven years, nine of which we moved

Biscayne Bay and is connected to the MacArthur Causeway by a private bridge and a very well-guarded gate. The Kuechenbergs' house is at the far end, the most desirable end. It was once the site of the Miami Beach Yacht Club. In 1924,

Arthur H. Lewis, in his book about the Green family, *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, describes 46 Star Island as a "cheerful sunlit mansion, only a few yards from the bright blue waters of Biscayne Bay. The architecture was glistening white Spanish mission, and the house was surrounded by a magnificent garden dotted with hundreds of royal palms. Wide windows and French doors on every side looked out on myriads of perpetually flowering tropical plants.

"There was a large central living room, two stories in height. To the east was a wing that contained a room used for showing moving pictures. To the rear of the projector was a vault containing the Colonel's library of pornographic films, which experts considered the world's choicest.

"Four balconies opened off the second-floor rooms in the east wing. Every bedroom had its own sitting room and bath. Several of the baths were especially designed by the Colonel himself, according to James A. Dixon, one of Florida's most distinguished lawyers, who represented the Green interests in that state.

"Each throne," explained Dixon, "was mounted on a pedestal about eight inches over the floor. Thus, unless the user was well over six feet tall, he would be extremely uncomfortable, with his legs dangling in midair."

The oversize toilets are gone now. The porno-film viewing room has been turned into a bar and den, the vault where the films were kept is now a wine closet. Ned's 12 tiny "special rooms" off the main hallway have been converted into a daycare.

"When Green moved in he brought his wife, Mabel, and a staff of close to 100," Kuechenberg says. "Mabel had been a Chicago hooker; she'd been Ned's mistress for 24 years, and then, when his mother died, he married her. The little rooms were for Ned's protégées, a special staff of two dozen young women, all 18 to 25 and good-looking. Those rooms were a kind of bordello.

"The things that must have gone on here—the parties he must have thrown! There's an old guy who remembers Ned. He was his milkman. He says one year during the Depression, Ned threw a St. Patrick's Day party and he spent thousands of dollars on flowers alone. There was a tower of flowers in front.

"You know, it's funny. One day we were outside and a neighbor of ours was

continued



Bob, Marilyn and two of their staff surround Alexandra and her 100-year-old pram.

in to and out of. We've been living ankle deep in sawdust for seven long, tough years."

In 1979 the Kuechenbergs were living in Coconut Grove, a section of Miami. "I wanted to see what \$1 million houses looked like," Marilyn says, "so I spent a few days sniffing around. There was one on Star Island. It was owned by Don King. Next to it was this one. The land value was very good—three and a half acres—but the house was falling apart. It was termite infested; bums were living in it; it had had two fires. But three and a half acres on Biscayne Bay were too good to pass up. And you could tell that at one time the house itself must have really been something. So we wound up buying it."

Star Island was built in the early 1920s out of earth pumped from the bottom of

Colonel Ned Green, son of Hetty Green, "the wealthiest woman in America," as the newspapers liked to call her, bought the property and the lot next to it, and the address 46 Star Island became famous. Colonel Ned, born Edward Howland Robinson Green in 1868, was a 6' 4", 300-pound giant with an artificial leg made of cork and a taste for ribald living. Deep within him were memories of a bleak Vermont childhood, of newspapers stuffed under his clothing to keep out the cold, of a mother so miserly that she wouldn't seek the medical treatment that could have saved his leg, although she was already amassing a fortune estimated at close to \$150 million by the turn of the century. Ned never had any problem about spending money, especially not on the building of 46 Star Island, which took two years.

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taking some people for a spin in his motorboat. They were talking over the engines, and I heard someone say, 'Jeez, who owns that place?' My neighbor said, 'Bob Kuechenberg of the Dolphins,' and the other guy said, 'Football players make that much money?' My neighbor said, 'Oh, he married a rich wife.'"

Not rich, but awfully talented. Marilyn Nix, Kuechenberg's second wife, is an actress who has played bit parts in Equity Showcase theaters and done a lot of commercials and TV work around L.A. They met in a restaurant called Busch's, north of Delray Beach, Fla. in 1975. He was wearing a T shirt, William Bendis; Marlon Brando? She said her second love was set designing, interior decorating. He was no dope. He had a B.A. in economics from Notre Dame and real-estate licenses in California and Florida, and he saw a future in fixing up houses and selling them. See that, we have something in common after all.

In 1976 they began the giddy house-to-house spiral that would end up at 46 Star Island. "When we bought this house," Kuechenberg says, "a guy two doors down who was a builder said, 'Buildzote it. The place is too far gone. It's not do-able.' We didn't listen. We've been working for three years, and it's still not completely finished. Every wall had to be ripped out and the studs replaced. The termites even ate the oak floors. The ceiling—all that inlay work—it took eight months with six men working on it. Each little square had to be supported by copper wire and copper toggle bolts.

"There had been half a dozen owners since Colonel Ned died in 1936. The guy who really tried to ruin it was the one who put up shiny foil wallpaper with hot-pink flowers, junk like that."

The Kuechenbergs renovated everything. For two years they had their own artist, a student from Pratt Institute in New York, painting murals for the balcony overlooking the living room, which is on the scale of a grand ballroom. They laid 12,000 square feet of tile on the patio and around the swimming pool.

"We hand-carried each tile from Ti-juaná," Kuechenberg says. "They cost 25¢ there, \$2.25 here."

Furniture was collected from 100 different flea markets and auctions: a dozen French dining-room chairs from the Jacobean era, a bedroom set inscribed VIENNA 1803, that sort of thing. Four trips around the world have produced a stun-

ning array—rugs from Bombay; parasols from Bali and Jakarta; ceremonial gowns from Japan, spreading across walls like giant, exotic flowers. And on the living-room balcony is the showpiece, a daz-zingly ornate wooden horse from Tibet. "We bought it in a little shop on the western slopes of the Himalayas," Kuechenberg says. "It's 300 years old. A guy said, 'Come to my warehouse, I'll show you something.' The warehouse was in this little alleyway...."

"With little rat toenails scampering across your sandaled foot," says Marilyn.

"It's physical work, hard physical labor, transporting these things," Bob says. "You go hunting for stuff in Bombay during the monsoon season. Well, it's not like going to the Marriott or Hilton. You put on your oldest clothes...."

In an auction in Atlanta the Kuechenbergs found a bathtub that had once belonged to J.C. Penney. "It wound up in a marine salvage store," Kuechenberg says. "The owner would rent it out for parties. People would put champagne in it." In a garage in West Virginia they found two magnificent old bars. In the den is stained glass from Wallace Berry's house in Hollywood. "I think he still stalks within these walls," Bob says. "There are all these unexplained noises at night."

A year and a half ago the Kuechenbergs stepped back and took a long hard look at things. They were knocking themselves out. For what? There were 35 workmen constantly underfoot, and Marilyn was pregnant. Then, in July 1981, she lost the baby. Little voices started: Sell it... sell it... go back to living like human beings again.

"We put it on the market," Marilyn says, "and the day that the house found out we were selling it, some strange things began to happen. A tree fell across the courtyard, and both knobs on the front door fell off."

"In the off-season we got away to the South Seas for a vacation," Bob says. "We hadn't been able to see the forest for the trees. Hey, we said, the work's almost done, let's enjoy it. So we took it off the market. This is where we stay."

August 1982. The Dolphins have just won an exhibition game that evening. The players' strike is still a rumor. A soft breeze has come up, and the Kuechenbergs, who have a new daughter—their first child, Alexandra—and some friends are sitting on the patio.

"There's a great book to be written, but nobody's ever done it," Bob says. "Butkus. Dick Butkus. Why was he who he was? If only someone could get into

continued



Pool is, in this case, the sign of a profitably spent adulthood, not a misspent youth.

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his brain. He weighed 245, he didn't have great speed, he wasn't a 500-pound hench presser, but he ate up people who ran 4.6s and bench-pressed 500. What made him so frantically wild? I always thought about getting hold of people like Butkus and Ray Nieschke and Jim Brown, the all-time greats, the people who seemed like they came from another

milieu, of failing. The usual things." "Never reach out," says Marilyn, and Bob smiles because this is the trigger phrase for a family legend.

"It's something my father once told me," he says. "Pound-for-pound the toughest man I ever knew. He'd been a professional fighter, won 27 out of 30 fights, and a rodeo man. He was from

strict is to reach out and try to get to the net quicker. That's where it's important to know what you're supposed to do. The trick is to stay relaxed, to never reach out, because you could land wrong in the net and break something.

"Well, one night my Uncle Al subbed for my dad. On his maiden voyage he missed the net completely and landed in the top seat of the Ferris wheel. The doctors grafted some skin off his butt and used it to sew his face together. He doesn't look very good, but he's alive and well. Anyway, at that point the Kuechenbergs called it a career in the cannonball business.

"You know, I saw that cannon once about three years ago. It was in somebody's backyard in Malabar, Florida, with weeds all over it. I was thinking of buying it. I should have. It disappeared about a year ago."

As a sophomore at Notre Dame, Kuechenberg was the starting offensive right tackle facing Butkus Smith in the famous 10-10 tie against Michigan State in 1966. The next year he took over as left defensive end when Kevin Hardy got hurt. "Good for the team, not so good for Kuechenberg," he says. "The guy who replaced me on offense was George Kuntz. I figure it cost me a shot at getting drafted in the first round."

The Philadelphia Eagles, a 2-12 team, drafted Kuechenberg as a guard in the fourth round in '69. "I'd just been married, I was homesick, I had about six excuses, none of which amounted to anything," he says. "I went through the motions. I got cut, and Atlanta, another 2-12 team, picked me up. The Falcons told me, 'We're going to Canton for the Hall of Fame game. You can't learn our system in one week, but we like you. Go home to Chicago, get your wife and come back and settle down'—which is what I did. Norm Van Brocklin, the Falcons' coach then, cut me a week later. He didn't even have the decency to tell me himself. I never talked to him. But I'll tell you one of the great accomplishments in my pro career. I helped get him fired. It was in '74, my fifth year with the Dolphins, and we beat Atlanta 42-7. I loved it. He got fired two days later. It was one of my Top 10 highlights. I wanted to run a sweep to their bench so I could put spike marks in his neck."

When the Falcons cut Kuechenberg in '69 he went back to Chicago and found a job selling business forms. "I got \$600 a

Shula says that Kooch must be considered one of the best offensive linemen ever.

planet, not only in sports but in contemporary life. I'd like to find out what separates them from everyone else. I'd like to sit down with some of these people and, well, maybe I'd find a key, something I could use myself."

"Well, what made you what you are?" someone asks. Shula has always said that in evaluating the great offensive linemen, Kuechenberg would have to be right in there.

"I don't know," Kuechenberg says. "Hunger, pride, fear, fear of getting hu-

rlown, and he was raised in Melbourne, Fla. By the time I was born, he was working in the steel mills in Indiana. But when he was still in Florida he got a job as the human cannonball in the circus. He got shot out of the cannon once a day, twice on Saturday, day off on Sunday. They'd shoot him over a couple of rides, into a net.

"I asked him about it, and he said that when you come out of the cannon you're unconscious. Then at the apex of your flight you gather your senses and your in-

month, plus sales commissions I never made," he says. "I was home at three o'clock, fighting with my wife, my first wife."

It was at this point that he signed on with the Owls. "The illustrious Chicago Owls," he says. "I figured, 'If I can't fly with the Eagles I'll play with the Owls.' I made \$200 a game for the first three games, zero for the last six. We'd draw 3,500 fans in Soldier Field, and in that place they were just about invincible. It was before the Bears moved in there, and there were rats in the tunnels—big rats. To kill the rats they got cats, and to keep the cats in the stadium, to keep them fed, they'd have a square piece of wood with raw meat on it. That's what I'll remember about the Chicago Owls, a big old pile of raw meat outside the locker room door."

"I got the needle quite a bit for aches and bruises. Pain and pain-killers and speed, 300-pound garage mechanics punching you in the head. Get drunk, have a pizza—that's what it was all about. On road trips they'd give you a little box lunch with a sandwich and a banana and a bag of pretzels. But nobody cared. Tonight we're going to play a ball game. It was fun!" Joe Thomas, then Miami's personnel chief, found Kuechenberg in the off-season and signed him to a Dolphin contract. The year with the Owls had put a hunger in his belly. He had gone to the Eagles' camp a boy. Now he was a man.

"I didn't pay any attention to him in camp," Shula says. "He had the stigma of being cut by two teams. I started Maxie Williams at left guard, ahead of Kooch, and it was one of the biggest mistakes I've ever made. Maxie was a holdover, a holler guy, but looking back on it, he couldn't hold a candle to Kooch. Bob took over when Maxie got hurt in the ninth game in 1970, and just about that time our offensive line took on a new dimension of toughness. Kooch had been a defensive lineman at Notre Dame, and you could see it in his temperament. A street fighter, a clawer and scratcher."

"In the years that followed, he and our center, Jim Langer, would always be the guys who'd come up to me on the plane

home, after they'd had four Schlitzes, bitching that we didn't run the ball enough. Mike Webster, the Steelers' center, is the same way. Crusty, hard-core, the kind of guys who love their work and take pride in it."

Kuechenberg didn't support the strike, not from the very beginning. In fact, he wouldn't even go out and shake hands

and starts 1/11, and he's still counting. He says the team he remembers best is '73, the second of Miami's two consecutive Super Bowl winners. "It was better than our undefeated team in '72," he says. "We would have kept on being great, but the WFL did something no one else ever could do, and that was to break up the Dolphins. It took away Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield. Where would the Steelers have been if they'd lost Franco and Rocky Bleier and Lynn Swann?"

"Paul Warfield—people don't realize how great he was. O.K., Lance Alworth and Raymond Berry could catch the ball, so can John Jefferson, but Warfield was a vicious blocker. I saw him decapitate middle linebackers. Warfield was the best player I ever played with, Butkus was the greatest I ever played against."

That was in 1971, a 34-3 run-away for the Dolphins. Butkus was trying to survive on a deteriorating knee. "The word was to take Butkus low and you'd have an easy game," says Kuechenberg. "I said no. I'm not going to do it. Out of honor I'll take him high. That's what I did, early in the game. It was a bad decision. He almost took my head off. I re-evaluated my thinking. I thought, hmmm, as much as I respect him, there's a matter of survival here."

Shula sees Kuechenberg at 35 as "a guy who gets by more on know-how now. He ran his best 40 in five years this summer. He's more aware now, so he works harder. He's done a lot for us; he's played hurt, he's played out of position. I'll give him rest in games, I'll spell him. But I'll have a hard time replacing him."

"I think I can break it down, what it means to play at 35," Kuechenberg says. "Your mind controls your body, and there are different ways of getting the job done just as effectively. You don't have to stick your helmet in Jack Lambert's rib cage every play to get by. And I still have personal goals, team goals."

"It's easy to be average and normal. That's not what I want. On my tombstone I want written, DON'T CALL ME NORMAL."

Colonel Ned Green couldn't have said it any better.



Here's a family portrait shot before the family mural.

when that was part of the September pregame ritual. He says he didn't feel that union head Ed Garvey really represented the best interests of the players. Some of his teammates felt that Kuechenberg was looking at things from a very narrow angle, too narrow. There was a residue of bitterness that Shula feels will blow over now that the teams are back on the field. "Kooch is Kooch," Shula says. "I know it. They know it. What can you say?"

Right now, Kuechenberg holds the Dolphin record for games played (184)



No flash in the pan, Ruland has lifted his scoring and rebounding averages this season.

A Tough Man In A Scramble

The Bullets have flipped over 6' 11" Jeff Ruland, who's better than he was cracked up to be

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Jeff Ruland's arms look so short and thick that it seems as if they're trying to retract into his body. Arms don't dangle gracefully at Ruland's sides; they hang from his shoulders like meat on a hook. In every way that arms are capable of being remarkable, these are not. And yet what makes Ruland's arms the kind that any NBA team would be happy to have hanging around is precisely what makes them appear so small to begin with—

they are attached to the rest of Ruland.

Since joining the Washington Bullets as a rookie last season, the 6' 11", 260-pound center/power forward has used his size and strength to become one of the NBA's best sixth men (although he's lately been starting in place of injured Forward Spencer Haywood) and one of the NBA's best offensive rebounders. "He's big," says Ruland's wife, Maureen, "very big. There isn't another player who's that tall and wide. We're talking large."

The anomaly of Ruland's enormous body and his relatively short arms has its antecedents in, of all places, 16th-century Renaissance art. When Michelangelo sculpted the David, he purposely exaggerated the size of the statue's hands and head to give it a more heroic look. In Ruland's case, the hands (glove size 12) and arms (sleeve length 37) were made small and everything else was hewn in heroic proportions. "If you let him put his body on you, he puts you at his mercy," says Indiana Pacer Center Clemon Johnson. "Once he goes to the boards and plants his feet, he's planted like a redwood, and once he's in there he seems to spread out. You push and push and push, and still you can't budge him."

Ruland may have the arms of the Venus de Milo, but in manner there is something faintly ursine in his lumbering, head-down stride. Among our most enduring stereotypes is that truly large white people are all either preternaturally sweet or harmless—remember Hoss Cartwright?—but Ruland is no Gentle Ben. On Nov. 9 Ruland blocked a shot by the Pistons' Isiah Thomas in a 108-105 Bullet loss and nearly decapitated the cherub-faced guard. "Yeah," Ruland said later with an evil grin, "I tried to put Isiah in the Children's Hospital."

Ruland and starting Bullet Center Rick Mahorn are known around the league for their jarring picks and for their occasional and equally jarring piques. In the second quarter of that Detroit game,

continued

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Ruland pump-faked Center Jim Zoet into the air; when Zoet came down on top of him, Ruland bounced up and offered to help Zoet eat the basketball, which didn't quite suit Zoet, who recovered while Ruland shot two free throws. Ruland also scored a one-punch knock-out over 6' 9", 212-pound Alvan Adams of the Phoenix Suns last season and on Nov. 24 almost had a brawl with the whole Suns' coaching corps. "They were telling me to open my eyes when I shot, and cussing at me," Ruland said. "I'd have taken them on all at once." Ruland's arms may be too short to box with God, but everyone else is fair game. Actually, it's Mahorn, not Ruland, whose bullying has annoyed people. "Ruland is just a very physical player," says one coach. "Mahorn's a thug. Something ought to be done about him."

Whatever else Ruland and Mahorn may be—"the NBA's only interracial sumo-wrestling tag team," as Bullet trainer John Lally calls them, or "McFilthy and McDirty," as Boston broadcaster Johnny Most has dubbed them—they

are, above all, the closest of friends. "Whenever someone gets in my face," Ruland says, "he's there. If someone goes after him, I'm there." Mahorn concurs: "It's like we're meant to be with each other." Ruland has always been one of the guys, even growing up in a racially mixed neighborhood in Bay Shore, Long Island. "I really didn't have a white friend until I was in the sixth or seventh grade," Ruland says. "I didn't know there was supposed to be a difference."

Ruland's father, Kenneth, who had once been a gifted baseball player, was an alcoholic, and the two were never close. "My father was in construction," Ruland says. "He built cesspools. Somebody had to do it." His father died after suffering a stroke in 1967, when Jeff was nine. His mother, Anita, who owned a tavern in Bay Shore called The Townhouse, married her husband's best friend, a carpenter named Ernie Swanson, that same year, and they moved the family (Jeff has a half-brother, a half-sister, five step-brothers and a stepsister) 10 miles away to Farmingdale, where Anita bought another neighborhood bar and named it Ernie's Tavern after her fourth husband. "It was strictly a blue-collar bar," Ruland says. "Guys used to walk in there about eight in the morning and order a shot of whiskey and a beer." Anita still tends bar one day a week at the Jericho Pub in Selden, another town on Long Island.

With both parents at work all day, Ruland had the time to play whatever sport was in season. "I grew up with a lot of freedom," he says, "but I never took advantage of it. Giving me freedom was my mother's way of teaching me responsibility. Even in grade school, if I wanted to go somewhere, I went. I was a great kid, the apple of my mother's eye."

Once Ruland decided to concentrate on basketball, he pursued the game with a vengeance. From the summer before his ninth-grade year until he was out of high school, he

missed playing only four days. On weekends he would play as many as 10 hours a day on the Tecumseh Grade School courts near his home. "People laughed at him out there practicing in the cold in January," Anita says. "Me too. I used to say, 'Jesus Christ, what's with him?' But he wouldn't quit."

In summer, Ruland and his friends would hack a station wagon up to the rear entrance of his mother's bar and load it with beer and then cruise the neighborhoods, drinking brews and looking for basketball games. Ruland reports there were only rare feminine intrusions on this demanding social schedule. "I went out with a few broads," he says, "but it was nothing serious."

Ruland was one of the prizes in a 1977 high school graduating class that included the likes of Magic Johnson, Danny Ainge, Darrell Valentine, Herb Williams, Albert King, Gene Banks and Kelly Tripucka, all of whom wound up at major colleges and are now in the pros. Ruland played well in all the high school all-star games and even won a national one-on-one competition at the Kentucky Derby Festival, but after visiting Kentucky, North Carolina, Indiana and Notre Dame, he selected Iona College, enrollment 5,500. "I got fed a bunch of bull and I believed it," Ruland says of the recruiting job then Iona Coach Jim Valvano did on him. "I wanted to go to a school that hadn't won anything and win a championship."

Iona is in New Rochelle, N.Y., just 25 minutes from New York City on the New Haven line. New Rochelle had achieved a measure of fame as the home of Rob and Laura Petrie on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, but Ruland and Valvano made the locals forget all about Rob and Laura as Iona became an Eastern basketball power. Then the trouble began.

The recruiting of a star athlete is very much like a flirtation between consenting adults if it's done right, the bespoiling of an innocent if it's not. Valvano courted Ruland ardently, and he won more than just Ruland's body and mind; he also won Ruland's heart, which, like the rest of him, is huge. There are very few coaches who have had as close a relationship with their star player as Valvano had with Ruland. After practice, Ruland often went to the coach's home and shot baskets in the backyard with Valvano's daughter, 7-year-old Nicole. Anita says Valvano "was like a father" to his players, and

As Thomas can attest, getting close to Ruland doesn't pay.

continued



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now Ruland, who had never experienced a strong paternal influence, had someone who seemed to fill the father role. It wasn't uncommon for Ruland and some of his teammates to ride around at night and run into Valvano and Assistant Coach Pat Kennedy at one college hangout or another. Ruland enjoyed the ride for the first two years. "It was great," he says. "There was no other school like it. Where else could you go out after a game and get bombed with your coach?" Iona was improving steadily—making the NCAA tournament in 1978-79, Ruland's sophomore season—and Valvano and Ruland seemed to be friends for life. "He really worshipped Valvano," Anita says. "That's why he felt so betrayed later."

By the start of his junior season Ruland had grown restive about Iona's lack of national recognition and, for reasons he won't discuss, signed—in contravention of NCAA rules—a contract with Paul Corvino, an agent from Scarsdale, N.Y. Ruland was also in the habit of accepting occasional cash donations from Corvino, money he says he needed "so I could do my laundry." NCAA regulations, of course, prohibit all such financial dealings. "If I'd gone to a school for the money," Ruland says, "I'd have gone to another school from which I'd still be getting deferred money." When Iona beat Louisville by 17 points in Madison Square Garden in 1980 and still didn't get national recognition, Ruland became further disillusioned. "That was the year Louisville won the national championship," Ruland says, "and we didn't just beat them, we kicked their asses. That week we were ranked 19th in one of the polls, and even though we didn't lose a game, the next week we were gone. So it turned out it was all for nothing."

On March 26, 1980, Valvano, without telling his players first, accepted the coaching job at North Carolina State. Ruland was stunned. A few days later, word leaked out—probably from Corvino, who had been pressuring Ruland to forgo his final year of school and turn pro—that Ruland had signed a contract and accepted money from an agent. The



Ruland has always been the big apple of mom Anita's eye.

timing made it appear to many people, Ruland among them, that Valvano had known about Corvino's secret arrangement with Ruland all along ("I didn't break any laws," Corvino says. "I don't belong to the NCAA"). Valvano denies this, but Ruland hasn't spoken to Valvano since the spring of '80. "A lot of things happened that I had nothing to do with," Ruland says, "but I got the bad end of the stick. He saw the boom was about to come down, and so he jumped ship." Valvano carries a certain amount of guilt for what happened to Ruland. "I wouldn't be where I am today without the efforts of that young man," Valvano says.

In his first college season Ruland led the nation's star-studded freshman class in scoring, rebounding and field-goal percentage, and in his sophomore and junior seasons he made honorable mention All-America. But Ruland, who decided to turn pro when it became apparent he'd be ineligible for his senior year, wasn't picked until the second round of the 1980

NBA draft. Larry Fleisher, who doubles as an agent and general counsel of the NBA Players Association, had agreed to represent Ruland. But shortly before the draft he called and told Ruland that because of the Iona "scandal"—there were rumors of misused monies, game fixing, an NCAA investigation and an FBI probe, although Iona was never officially accused of having done anything wrong—he couldn't represent him. Ruland says Fleisher never explained himself, and that he just hung up.

Throughout the first round of the draft Ruland was passed over in favor of big men like Joe Barry Carroll, Kevin McHale, Mike Gminski, Kiki Vandeweghe and Rickey Brown. "To this day I don't know what happened," he says. "I know I'm better than every guy who got picked before me. I'm still very bitter about that." Many teams had failed to scout Ruland because no one expected him to leave school early, and then there was the matter of those short arms. When Golden State made him the 25th pick of the draft, in the second round, it was all part of a prearranged deal between the Warriors and the Bullets, who obtained Ruland for a second-round draft choice, which became Sam Williams. But the Bullets still had big men Wes Unseld, Elvin Hayes and Mitch Kupchak, and when a team in Barcelona, Spain matched the Bullets offer, Ruland fled.

"I wasn't happy at all to be going

continued



Beef Brothers Ruland and Mahom sharpen up their "McFilthy and McDirty" routine.



In a pinch, Jeff can depend on Maureen.

JEFF RULAND *continued*

over," Ruland says. "I was going there to kick somebody's butt and get it over with. All I thought about was coming back and proving everybody wrong." While he was in Barcelona, his new agent, George Kalafatis, flew over from New York to settle a contract dispute. The team gave Kalafatis \$8,000 in pesetas, and when he tried to take the money out of the country, it was confiscated. The money is still impounded by the Spanish court, and Ruland claims he has never seen his \$8,000.

"It was very tough," he says. "I came pretty close to going off the deep end." To help preserve his sanity, Jeff and Maureen, who had been married in 1980, celebrated Thanksgiving by getting a Doberman pinscher puppy instead of a turkey. The dog, whose name is King, still gets high strung when he sees cranberries and stuffing. To calm him, Ruland will split a can of beer with

King, often drinking from the same glass.

The Bullets finally signed Ruland before the 1981-82 season, but it took him a while to win over all the skeptics. The Bullets last season were a collection of misfits and no-names, which naturally made Ruland feel right at home. After several false starts, he proved himself to his teammates and then to the NBA. Bullets Point Guard John Lucas, himself something of a wayward traveler, recalls his doubts about Ruland. "I said, 'This guy's arms are too short; he can't play,'" Lucas says. "But then he started knocking people around, and I knew I was wrong. There are only two blue-collar workers in the NBA—Moses Malone and Ruland. Jeff is our Moses."

Ruland was so nervous on his first pre-season road trip that he tore down a backboard during warmups, and then during the game he rattled one of his layups off the glass so hard that he almost named another backboard. Gene Shue, the Bullets' coach, worked Ruland into the lineup gradually. "Jeff is always around the ball," Shue says, "and he can come in off the bench and contribute right away, which not many players can do. If he had long arms he'd get every rebound."

Ruland's most effective move is a simple post-up play in which he spins in the lane and pins his man on his hip, then turns and drives to the basket. "Last year everybody was talking about Tripucka, Isaiah and Buck Williams," says Detroit Coach Scotty Robertson, "and I said that they were all good players but that Ru-

land's a hell of a player. When they go to him, everybody knows what they're going to do, but he's so good and so smart that you can't stop him. There are guys who go through their whole careers without ever learning how to do that, and he came in as a rookie and did it."

As a rebounder, Ruland works hard for position and then moves with an instinctive quickness to the ball. At the end of last week he was 11th in the league in that category, with 10.3 a game, his ratio of rebounds to minutes played was 10th best in the NBA and his ratio of offensive rebounds to his total (34%) was third best. "Ninety to 95 percent of all rebounds are taken before the run," he says, "so I'm uniquely qualified for the job."

He's also qualified as one of Washington's enforcers in the middle. "I came into the NBA with the attitude that I would be doing the intimidating," he says. "There are very few players who like to get banged, but that's the way the game should be played." This season Ruland is leading the Bullets in scoring (18.8 points a game) and shooting percentage (57.6%), and had a resounding 25-point, 17-rebound performance in just 37 minutes in the Bullets' 95-87 victory in San Diego on Nov. 20.

During Boston's 4-1 playoff victory over Washington in the Eastern Conference semifinals last year, some Celtic fans thought Ruland and Mshome were playing too rough. Up in the broadcast booth, Most kept dragging the two offending Bullets through the gravel in his throat.

Before Game 4 at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md., Ruland approached Most's on-the-air sidekick, Rick Weitzman. "My mother listens to the games from Boston on WRKO and she says she's never heard such a biased announcer," Ruland said. "Tell Johnny Most that my mother says he's a bleep." Weitzman relayed the story to Most, who was rendered almost speechless.

When he opened his broadcast for the fifth game three days later, Most began. "This is Johnny Most at the Boston Garden. Mrs. Ruland, if you're listening, turn off your radio." Anita says if she'd been at Boston Garden she would have decked him.

When it comes to beer, Ruland's dog has a King-size thirst.





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by Ralph Wiley

Having heard that University of Tennessee-Chattanooga Coach Murray Arnold lays a mean ambush, the 10th-ranked Tennessee Volunteers were wary opponents in the game at which the Roundhouse, UTC's new 11,200-seat arena, was dedicated last week. The ranked are always likely to become the fabled at UTC. The Moccasins had won all their home games last season while ringing up 27 victories overall. They were 15-1 in the Southern Conference and beat North Carolina State in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Tennessee and UTC had met 27 times, but not in 22 years, which put some emotion-

al steam in the place. The big question for Arnold was, "How do you corner a Dale Ellis in a Roundhouse?"

With anyone as versatile as Ellis, Tennessee's All-America senior forward, one probes for the chink, even the hint of a chink. Ellis led Tennessee in nearly every offensive category last year, shooting 65.4%, best by a forward in the nation, while averaging 21.2 points and never missing double figures. He also topped the Volunteers in rebounding (6.3) and slammed from such heights that he often looked down on his work. He missed only 2.2 minutes per game. After the Vols' opening 84-59 win this season over out-

"Dale Ellis is the best forward, of any classification, at the collegiate level," concurs noted NBA scout Marty Blake. "He has become even smoother, if that's possible."

Ellis went to Tennessee from Marietta (Ga.) High with a fine shooting touch, stiff-kneed defense ("I never knew that defense existed") and more than a little kindling on his ample shoulders. "I've never seen what you might call fire in his eyes," says DeVoe. "And some people might mistake this for nonchalance. He's so smooth that he's misread. But that's what separates Dale. He's poised. When he came here, he didn't know how to play hard. I still don't think he's an aggressive person. But he was attentive, and we worked, and he learned."

Ellis, 22, and his fraternal twin Darryl are the youngest of Lucille Ellis' six children. Ellis' father was shot to death in an argument with another man when the twins were nine. "I took it hard. It affected my personality," Dale says. "I was bitter and took it out on my peers. I couldn't wait to play basketball after school. Mom didn't care for ballplaying. She even threw some of my trophies out. I just took them out of the garbage and put 'em in my room."

DeVoe threw Ellis' trophies away, too, figuratively, at least. "Those honors from high school mean nothing," DeVoe says. "And I yell and swear in practice sometimes." Ellis resented that. "I didn't enjoy him saying things to me my own mother wouldn't say," Dale says. "So one day I walked off the court right in the middle of practice. I went to my room, locked the door and took the phone off the hook. I was ready to transfer."

Later that first year, Ellis went home one weekend and missed Tennessee's spring athletic banquet. He stayed home for a week. "Coach and I talked," says Ellis. "He explained what he expected I could become. I thought we could have had that conversation earlier. I decided to come back, but if things stayed the same I'd have been gone."

Evidently things didn't stay the same. In time DeVoe got the complete player he wanted, one he calls "the best I've

He's a formidable forward

Tennessee's versatile Dale Ellis may be the country's best at his position



matched Biscayne College, in which Ellis sank 12 of 14 shots and scored 27 points in 30 minutes, he was shooting 59.5% for his career.

The supposed flaw in Ellis concerned that amorphous quality, intensity. What else could be in doubt? Defense? Never a question at Tennessee.

So Arnold guarded Ellis with two men, two intense men, and held him to 17 shots and 17 points. The Mocs lost anyway, 55-49, in part because the 6'7" Ellis belied up with the Mocs' leading scorer, 6'3" Swingman Willie White, and held him to a single field goal in the first half. "Tennessee Coach Don DeVoe is so committed to playing quality defense that he'll put his best player on your team's best, no matter where," said Arnold. "Ellis guarded Ralph Sampson in their game against Virginia in the NCAA's last year, and he still shows the mobility to guard Willie. Coming in, I thought Ellis was the best forward in America, and I saw nothing tonight to make me change my mind."

Ellis overcame UTC's tight defense to score 17 points in the 55-49 victory.

ever coached," and Mrs. Ellis got a few more trophies. "She didn't throw these away," Ellis says with a laugh. "She keeps them in her room now."

The Ellis twins of Marietta nearly took scholarships to Georgia Tech together. "I didn't want it," says Ellis. "Darryl understood." Darryl was cut while trying to make the Savannah (Ga.) State team in 1979. He's now a Marine recruit at Parris Island, S.C. and is said to be more demonstrative than Dale. "A lot of people say that if Dale had Darryl's temperament, we'd really have a player," Mrs. Ellis once said. Says Dale, "After playing for DeVoe, I figure I can give Darryl advice about boot camp."

Georgia had been Dale's first choice, "but they didn't seem too interested in me, not until they had already gotten Dominique," he says. Dominique Wilkins cast a shadow over Ellis until last season, when in "my most satisfying game of the year" Ellis had 28 points, 10 rebounds and five steals (compared to Wilkins' 21, eight and none) in a 66-64 Tennessee victory at Athens.

Ellis' teammates, notably the triumvirate of guards, Tyrone Beaman, Ed Littleton and Michael Brooks, have learned to expect such performances. "If we're going to do anything," says Beaman, the point guard, "it'll be behind Dale." Georgia Coach Hugh Durham says, "Dale Ellis is exceptional. He's got strength and grit. Emotionally, Dale is an inward person. How do you judge intensity? Look at the key games. I think he shows he's there." When Ellis was named SEC Player of the Year last season, Durham was among those who voted for him.

The first half of last week's game against UTC was a tight defensive struggle. Tennessee led by only 21-19 at the intermission, and Ellis had nine points and several hard knocks. After falling behind by 14 in the second half, UTC pressed harder behind Gerald Wilkins, the younger brother of Dominique, a 6' 6" sophomore who was to finish with 20 points.

Two dunks by Wilkins and two jumpers by White pulled the Moes to within five, 43-38, with six minutes left. Then DeVoe's defense ignited three straight breakaway slams—by Littleton, Ellis and Forward Willie Burton—and the Vols held on to win.

Though Ellis said, "I give myself a failing grade for that game," Wilkins was awed. "Ellis is the best by far I've ever

played against," he said. "Oh, except for Dominique." UTC's Stanford Strickland said, "I did what I could, but I've never been up against a player like that."

"I feel good when I have the ball," Ellis says, a smile playing on his comely, high-boned face. "I prefer the wing because I want to prove I can play there. But when I have the ball low, I'm supposed to make that shot. It's my duty to make that shot. I can shoot from 15 to 18 feet. I can shoot from farther out than that, but here at Tennessee if I took that shot and didn't make it, I'd be sitting." Even DeVoe has to smile at that.

THE WEEK

(Nov. 20-Dec. 5)
by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST Two weeks ago, after North Carolina had opened a season with two losses for the first time since 1919, Coach Dean Smith said, "It's early, thank heaven." Last week Smith might well have said, "Thank heaven for Michael Jordan." After North Carolina had blown an eight-point lead in the final 4:33 at home against Tulane, Jordan grabbed a loose ball and made a 20-foot shot at the buzzer to send the game into overtime. With 1:48 to go in the third OT, Jordan got the last three of his 21 points on a layup and a foul shot to secure a 70-68 victory for the Tar Heels. Four days later, against LSU at New Jersey's Meadowlands, the Heels rallied from a 21-9 halftime deficit to win 47-43. Following those first 20 minutes, the Tar Heels heard something few, if any, defending national champs have heard so early in a season: lots of boos. North Carolina's Buzz Peterson scored all of his 18 points in the second half by making nine of 11 field-goal attempts, and Jordan sealed the outcome with three free throws in the final 37 seconds. "We've never had a more embarrassing half in my 21 years here," Smith said of the opening half. "We deserved the boos."

North Carolina State and Virginia both won with ease. The Wolfpack, using its new wide-open offense, routed Western Carolina 103-66 and North Carolina A&T 100-70. In the first game, Derek Whittenburg hit six of seven three-point shots to finish with a career-high 28 points. In a 51-34 defeat of James Madison, Virginia forced the Dukes into their worst shooting performance (26.8% from the field) and held them to their lowest point total ever. The game was the first for James Madison in its new arena in Harrisonburg, Va., which also is Cavalier Ralph Sampson's hometown. However, Sampson had

only nine points and six rebounds before kith and kin. Next time out, Virginia bent wireless VMI 86-41. Last season the Keydets had the worst record—1-25—of the 273 teams in Division I.

Georgetown's Pat Ewing played 26 minutes in a 91-57 defeat of Morgan State. That was enough time for Ewing to get 19 points and 11 rebounds and to block five shots.

A pair of 31-point performances by Guard Greg Jones led West Virginia past Youngstown State 105-79 and Marshall 95-82. After the Thundering Herd had pulled to within 76-72, Jones scored 12 of the Mountaineers' next 14 points as they pulled away.

St. John's won 72-45 at Columbia and, with Jeff Allen sinking two foul shots in the final second, bent Providence 61-60. The Friars led the Redmen by 11 points early in the second half but missed four one-and-ones in the last three minutes.

Led by Guard Erich Sanfeller and Forward Leo Ratkins, Syracuse won four times. Sanfeller sank all his shots—10 from the field and two from the foul line—in a 110-69 rout of Cornell. After a 73-65 victory at St. Bonaventure, the Orangemen won their own Carrier Classic by defeating Aloha State 110-77 and Princeton 67-54. Ratkins, the tournament MVP, tossed in a total of 32 points in the two contests.

Nevada-Las Vegas had only a 24-20 lead over Duquesne at halftime—but then Larry Anderson got hot, scoring 17 of his game-high 21 points in the second half, as the Rebels won 67-54.

MIDWEST Purdue got lots of penetration from guards Steve Reid and Ricky Hall in a 69-63 upset at Louisville. Reid (24 points) and Hall (12) repeatedly drove around or through the Cardinals, who focused their defense on 6' 10" Russell Cross (15). The loss was only the 17th at home for Louisville since Denny Crum became coach in 1971. Reid, a 5' 10" sophomore transfer from Kansas State, had a total of 37 points in two other Butlermaker victories, 79-69 at Boston University and 50-39 at home against Fresno State.

Oklahoma also was a loser at home. Despite nice layups and 38 points by David Little, Tulsa defeated the Sooners 79-76. Ricky Ross of the Golden Hurricane wound up with 24 points and 10 rebounds. Missouri held Augusta to six first-half baskets, got 20 points and 11 rebounds from Steve Sipanovich and coasted to an 85-55 victory.

Bell State Coach Al Brown normally would have been ecstatic about his team's first-half performance at Memphis State: 54.1% shooting and 47 points. Trouble was, the Tigers had shot 68.6% and led by 11. Memphis State, which ended up making 35 of 49 (71.4%) shots, won 104-81. Tiger freshman Andre Turner, a 5' 9" point guard, turned on the crowd with his out-of-this-world quickness.

continued

SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (4-0)	1 *
2. UCLA (3-0)	2
3. MEMPHIS STATE (4-0)	5
4. KENTUCKY (3-0)	8
5. GEORGETOWN (5-0)	8
6. ALABAMA (2-0)	7
7. INDIANA (3-0)	9
8. VILLANOVA (1-1)	3
9. TENNESSEE (2-0)	10
10. LOUISVILLE (4-1)	4
11. IOWA (4-0)	11
12. MISSOURI (2-0)	12
13. N. C. STATE (2-0)	14
14. WEST VIRGINIA (3-0)	15
15. CSU-FULLERTON (3-0)	18
16. PURDUE (4-0)	—
17. ILLINOIS STATE (3-0)	17
18. ST. JOHN'S (3-0)	20
19. UNLV (3-0)	—
20. SYRACUSE (5-0)	—

* Last week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

"We call him 'A.T.'," said Coach Dana Kirk. "He may rival E.T. for popularity with our fans before the season is over." Turner had 10 points and six assists against Ball State. Keith Lee then scored 19 points as Memphis State beat St. Louis 75-56.

Drake led for more than half the game before falling 68-63 to visiting Iowa. Houston defeated Mississippi State 74-65. Michael Young and Clyde Drexler of the Cougars each scored 20 points against the Bulldogs, while Mississippi State's Jeff Malone finished with 30. Arkansas defeated Texas-San Antonio 78-59 and Centenary 79-51 as Darrell Walker had 33 points.

MIDEAST Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall seems to have a new philosophy, one built on the belief that the past wasn't a blast, so let's make the present more pleasant. This was evident after the Wildcats blew most of a 15-point lead before finishing off Villanova 93-79. In other seasons Hall would have chastised his players for their letdowns. The new Hall, though, exhaled such a scolding and instead told his team to enjoy the evening.

"It's been more relaxed all year," senior Derrick Hord said. "He's given us a couple days off from practice, and that's something that hasn't happened since I've been here. It feels good." Hord's 26 points against Villanova made Hall feel good. So did Dirk Minniefeld's school-record 14 assists. In this battle of Wildcats, the visitors, down by 13 at the half, were behind by four with 1:28 to go.

Three days earlier, Kentucky played at No-

tre Dame for the first time since 1950. Thousands of Irish backers wore Kentucky Fried Chicken hats and chanted, "We want Kentucky fried." Hall insisted he didn't notice the crowd, saying, "Once I get into a game, my mother could call me for dinner and I wouldn't hear her." One thing Hall probably did notice was the swishing of the cords by the Wildcats, who shot 75% while handing Notre Dame a 58-45 loss.

The Irish then fell 65-64 to UCLA, whose Ralph Johnson put a deft fake on Joe Buchanan, drove the lane and made the decisive layup four seconds from the end. The Irish, who trailed by eight early in the second half, had gone in front 64-63 with 27 seconds remaining as John Paxson got the last of his 25 points on two foul shots.

UCLA had begun its Mideast sortie by outlasting DePaul 73-70 in overtime. Darren Daye led the way for the Bruins with 23 points and 10 rebounds, and scored 14 of his points as UCLA built a 30-18 lead. Because only six Bruins got a significant amount of playing time, they wore out as the game wore on, committing 24 turnovers and falling behind 63-60 with 3:33 to go. Rod Foster's foul shot for UCLA with seven seconds left sent the game into OT. Daye put the Bruins ahead with a free throw 18 seconds into the extra period and locked things up with another eight seconds from the end.

Another West Coast team came through with a big win. Southern Cal's women got 22 points and 11 rebounds from Paula McGee en route to a 64-58 defeat of Louisiana Tech, the defending women's national champion.

Patrick Ewing of Georgetown didn't like the jostling he got against Western Kentucky early in the finale of Wendy's Classic. The riled-up Ewing rose up to score 16 quick points and give the Hoyas an apparently safe 32-17 halftime margin. But Georgetown's freshmen guards kept turning the ball over. Tony Wilson of the Hilltoppers kept scoring, and the Hoyas had to come from behind three times in OT for a 70-66 win. Ewing burned Western when he rebounded a teammate's missed foul shot and jammed it through for the game's final points. Ewing finished with a career-high 30 points and 10 rebounds, and Wilson had 25 points. In the opening round, Georgetown beat St. Francis (Pa.) 75-40.

Indiana won 74-56 at Miami of Ohio as Randy Watzman pumped in 31 points, but the Hoosiers struggled at home against Texas-El Paso before prevailing 65-54. Uwe Blab, a 7'2" sophomore, set some devastating picks to help Indiana teammate Ted Knecht score 23 against UTEP. Playing only in the second half, Blab had six points and five rebounds. With Greg Stokes scoring 38 points and getting 21 rebounds, Iowa took its Hawkeye Classic by fighting off Navy 76-65 and then trampling Hawaii 99-67.

"Defense, defense, defense. That's all Coach [Wimp] Sanderson stresses at practice," said Alabama's Alfonso (Buck) John-

son, after Middle Tennessee State and Texas Tech committed 53 turnovers in losses—103-58 and 74-53, respectively—to the Tide. Bobby Lee Hurt had 38 points and 20 rebounds in the wins. Auburn's Odell Mosteller scored 60 points as the Tigers beat Mercer 85-76, Florida State 78-68 and Tennessee Tech 74-65.

"They're so short, you know," Clyde Drexler of Houston said about Biscayne's players after the Cougars had won 78-59. "I mean, they could really dribble. But you couldn't steal the ball from them because they were two feet from the floor."

Illinois State came from 14 points back in the second half to beat Western Illinois 55-53 on Brad Duncan's jumper with 12 seconds left. The Redbirds didn't have an easy time with Northern Illinois, either, winning 54-45.

WEST "I got exactly what we deserved," said Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller after visiting Fresno State had beaten his Beavers 43-42. The Bulldogs pulled out the game when Bernard Thompson, who finished with 22 points, sank a 15-foot jumper and a foul shot with 51 seconds left. Oregon State, which didn't score during the final 6:19, had the ball the rest of the way but failed to get off a shot. Earlier, Charlie Sutton got 27 points and 13 rebounds as the Beavers defeated Portland 55-44. Oregon State continued to struggle without Guard Donny Evans, who has been out all season with viral meningitis.

Fresno State's victory came in another impressive week for PCAA teams, which are 24-6 against outsiders. Other notable inter-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ERICH SANTIFER: Syracuse's 6'4" senior guard led the Orange to four wins as he scored 87 points—sinking 34 of 49 field-goal tries and 19 of 22 foul shots—and had 13 assists and 18 rebounds.

conference wins: Utah State 75, BYU 69; Cal-Irvine 85, Pepperdine 82, and Nevada-Las Vegas 85, Nevada-Reno 84. Another PCAA member, Cal State-Fullerton, was a two-time winner. The Titans beat Chapman 92-75 behind 21 rebounds by Tony Neal, 23 points by Gary Davis and 23 points and nine assists by Guard Leon Wood, who faced man-to-man full-court pressure the entire game. J.C. transfer DeWayne Shepard, a 6'7" forward who had arthroscopic surgery on his left knee in September, made his debut in Fullerton's 77-58 victory at Loyola Marymount. Shepard had 11 points and pulled down seven rebounds in 17 minutes.

On the way home from winning the Great Alabama Shootout, Louisville beat Santa Clara 84-56. The Cardinals played so aggressively on defense—they blocked eight shots—that they were applauded by Bronco rooters. **END**

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Blaine (21) has averaged 50 goals since 1979-80.

Literally, a whale of a player

Blaine Stoughton: unknown scorer

If fame in the NHL is wearing No. 99 and playing in Edmonton, then obscurity most certainly is wearing No. 21 and playing in Hartford. Over the past three seasons only four players have averaged 50 goals a year. They are Wayne Gretzky, of No. 99 of the Oilers, Mike Bossy of the Islanders, Marcel Dionne of the Kings and . . . Blaine Stoughton, who has trouble getting noticed even in Hartford, a town that's not exactly awash in sports celebrities. Moreover, the NHL hasn't helped matters much by omitting Stoughton's name from the Hartford Whaler roster in the league's 1982-83 *Official Guide*. No wonder his wife, Cindy,

is fond of calling him "the unknown hockey player."

"When people in this league talk about scorers, they go down the list and then they say, 'Oh yeah, and there's that guy in Hartford,'" says Whaler Coach Larry Kish. "Put Blaine on a winner, though, and people would notice him in a hurry."

Since Hartford joined the NHL from the WHA at the start of the 1979-80 season, the Whalers have never finished higher than 14th in the point standings. This year has been typical: At week's end they had a 6-16-3 record and were a distant last in the Adams Division. Compounding Stoughton's recognition problem is the fact that Hartford, the smallest city in the league, is sandwiched between Boston and New York City. "More people in this town know Cindy than Blaine," says Gordie Howe, who retired as a Whaler player two years ago at age 87. "People don't give him credit because he sometimes doesn't look as if he's working hard. But that's because he doesn't waste energy. He knows how to get himself clear."

Stoughton, a right wing, laughs about his anonymity. "It bothers Cindy more than it does me," he says. "A lot of people think I should get upset, but, look, I'm no Gretzky, I'm no Bossy and I'm no Dionne. I need help to be successful. They don't. I'm not an exciting player. I don't bring the crowd to its feet when I get the puck. They do."

In fact, going unnoticed is part of Stoughton's secret. Neither his shot nor his skating ability is exceptional, and his teammates kid him about his feeble backchecking, his passing and his work in the corners. But just when you think it's safe to ignore Stoughton, he pops up near the net with the puck. "The best thing about Blaine is that he knows what he can't do," says Hartford Forward Pierre Larouche. "A lot of guys fool themselves into believing they can skate, pass or shoot. Blaine only does what he knows he

can do." Or, as Stoughton puts it, "I know what I get paid for: goals."

Stoughton is hockey's version of a basket hanger. Often he lingers near the blue line when the puck is in the Whaler zone, waiting for a pass that will send him in on a break or semibreak. Once he's within range of the goal, he can get his shot off in a twinkling—only Bossy's release is quicker. "He plays on instinct," says one of Stoughton's former linemates, Pat Boutette, who's now with Pittsburgh. "He has a knack for going to the right places. It's not anything you can coach. You either have it or you don't. All great scorers have it."

Stoughton, 29, has always been able to score. After getting 58 and 60 goals, respectively, in his last two seasons of junior hockey, he was the seventh player chosen, by Pittsburgh, in the first round of the 1973 draft. Stoughton scored only five goals in 34 games as a rookie before the Penguins sent him to the minors. One reason he got off to a slow start was that he did more partying than practicing in Pittsburgh. "Some guys can go out, have a couple and go home," says Stoughton. "Not me. I stayed around until they turned up the lights. I couldn't handle the whole thing."

After being traded to Toronto in September 1974, Stoughton scored 23 goals in 1974-75. The following year he reported to the Maple Leafs' camp out of shape, stayed that way and was back in the minors by Christmas. He finished the season in Oklahoma City and might have languished in the minors forever had not the WHA's Cincinnati Stingers come to his rescue.

"My first three games in the WHA were tied 7-7, won 8-7 and tied 6-6," says Stoughton. "I thought, 'Wow, is this the place for me.'" In more ways than one. One night at a boxing match, Stoughton was smitten by the ring-card girl, a tall, striking blonde who, as it turned out, also worked as a bunny at the Cincinnati Playboy Club. When she sat down at the start of one of the rounds, Stoughton combed his wavy brown hair, smoothed his mustache, approached her, opened his blue-green eyes wide and asked if

continued

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she'd like to go to a hockey game the next night. Cindy Lou Roberts was taken back but intrigued.

"I said, 'Hockey, what's hockey?'" says Cindy. "To me athletes were the Bengals or the Reds. But he seemed shy, and I liked that. He didn't seem like the kind who would try to make a move on the first date like a lot of the guys I went out with did. So I said O.K."

Cindy loved hockey from the start—"especially the goons"—and she and Stoughton began dating regularly. She even introduced his linemates, Peter Marsh and Greg Carroll, to two of her fellow bonnies. Naturally, the local media quickly dubbed the three players The Bunny Line. "We went to a playoff game in Indianapolis that year," says Cindy, "and we each wore a Stinger jersey with the name of our boyfriend on the back. A lot of fans started yelling at us, 'Aaah—the Stingers.' We turned around and said, 'We do, and it's great!'"

Aided by the WHA's wide-open style, Stoughton scored 52 goals in 81 games during his first WHA season (1976-77), but the following year the Stingers had a new coach, Jacques Demers, who stressed defensive hockey—dump the puck into the opponents' zone, send one man after it and back-check. Stoughton tried to adapt, failed and was traded to Indianapolis for 30 games. He was still struggling when the Racers folded in December 1978. Within 48 hours Stoughton was in a Whaler uniform. "The WHA was going under, we were going into the NHL the next year, and we needed scoring," says Don Blackburn, the Whalers' head scout at the time and later their coach. "I wasn't sure about Blaine until our last playoff game that spring, when he scored a goal with two guys draped on him. Right there, I was sold. But I didn't tell him that. I told him he would have to work to make the team."

In the summer of 1979, Stoughton ran and lifted weights for the first time in his career, and he and Cindy had their first child, a daughter named Chelsea. "I decided it was time to settle down, take care of myself and play hockey," says Stoughton. "I knew I was running out of chances and this might be the last one. So, I decided I would play my way, look to score, and if it didn't work, well, that was it. But I couldn't try to play someone else's way anymore. Fortunately, that's just what Blackie wanted."

Stoughton had 100 points in 1979-80

and tied for the NHL lead in goals with 56. After the season, Hartford forgot to send Stoughton a contract by the July 1 deadline, and he tried to have himself declared a free agent with no compensation owed to any team that might sign him on the grounds that his just-expired WHA contract didn't include the NHL's compensation clause. However, a judge decided that NHL President John Ziegler should make the final decision, and Ziegler predictably ruled that the Whalers would have to be compensated, so Stoughton stayed put. "Once it went to Ziegler I was dead," says Stoughton. "But I had to try. You only get that kind of opportunity once."

Stoughton held out for nine games at the start of 1980-81, finally signing when Blackburn persuaded him to accept a three-year contract that includes a clause that increases Stoughton's salary by \$10,000 if he scores 40 goals in a season and an additional \$10,000 for every five goals thereafter up to 50. So far Stoughton, who had 43 goals in 1980-81 and 52 last season, has added \$40,000 to his \$160,000-per-annum base pay. During the holdout Cindy got pregnant, which, says Stoughton, "shows you what happens when you have nothing to do." Remembering that trying period, they named the boy Chance.

It's no secret that the Chicago Black Hawks would like to obtain Stoughton. But, though the Hawks are Stanley Cup contenders, he would just as soon remain with the Whale, as the Hartford players affectionately call their team. "Maybe no one notices me here," says Stoughton, "but that kind of thing works two ways. If I went to a big city and didn't do well, everyone would be all over me. If I could be part of a winner here, it would be something special. If we aren't making progress in another year, I might ask to be moved. I don't want to be part of a loser forever."

So, for the moment at least, Hartford is home. Two years ago the Stoughtons bought a gorgeous, hilltop, four-bedroom house in nearby Canton, and Blaine and Cindy like nothing better during the off-season than driving down the hill to visit the local pubs. Cindy has

another diversion as well: A few days a week she tends bar in a restaurant in downtown Hartford.

About the only thing that could make life better would be if the Whale stopped floundering. Poor trades have robbed Hartford of players like Mike Rogers, Mark Howe, Ray Allison and Gordie Roberts. The defense lacks speed, and Stoughton, Larocque and 19-year-old Center Ron Francis are the only consistent scoring threats. With the Whalers apparently headed for another non-playoff year in a league in which no one misses the playoffs, the soap opera the players call "As the Whale Turns" doesn't have a happy ending in sight.

So Hartford fans would do well to focus on Stoughton. He missed the first eight games this season because of a suspension he received for an out-of-character cross-checking incident during an exhibition game. Since then he has had 12 goals and 10 assists in 17 games through Sunday. Not long after his return, Stoughton stunned everyone, including himself, with a rare two-assist game. "You'd have to check the record books to find the last time I had two assists," says Stoughton. "That's terrible. A guy could score 50 goals and get five assists in this league, he'd be my idol. If I keep this up, it'll run my reputation."

Or maybe get him one.

END



Cindy mixes tending bar with tending two children.

by Franz Lidz

Pete Johnson, the Cincinnati Bengals' fullback, is as thick, tough and hard to stop as a Sherman tank. He can clank the length of a football field in 9.9 seconds, which is very fast indeed for a guy who sometimes weighs more than 275 pounds. But he's very slow at getting to appointments. He agrees to be at Stouffer's hotel in downtown Cincinnati at noon. When he hasn't shown up by 1 p.m., you call his secretary, Gay Myers. "That's funny," she says. "Pete told me he was on his way." At 1:45, he calls. "I'm on my way," he says. At three o'clock, you call Myers back. "He should arrive any minute," she says. At 5:30, Johnson calls again. "Almost there," he says. "See you at 6:10." To Johnson, 40 minutes is "almost there."

At 7:00, Myers is in the lobby bar. "We'll wait for him together," she says. At 8:00, Johnson swaggers in with his 2-year-old son, Ivan, in tow. "How come you're so late?" you ask. He grins. "I'm not late," he says. "You're early." As it is, Myers says, you're relatively lucky. "When Pete says he'll be somewhere at a certain time," she explains, "it generally means he'll appear anywhere from six to 48 hours later."

Tracking Johnson down is one thing; getting him to talk football is quite another. Rather than sit still on this occasion, he hauls everyone to a suburban pizza joint where man-sized toy animals decked out like rock musicians "play" Elvis Presley tunes. He listens to questions about the Bengals' Super Bowl season of a year ago and his days under Woody Hayes at Ohio State. He listens—but he doesn't answer. He's watching a giant mechanical sheep play a riff from *It's Now or Never* on electric guitar.

Ivan, who's a little bored, smashes a vanilla ice cream cone against his forehead. Pete giggles. And it's a sight to behold the rippling flesh of the heaviest running back in the NFL—a guy who, at 6 feet tall (and a dubious 6 feet at that), is almost square. Soon he's rocking and rolling in time to an ersatz gorilla in a gold lamé suit. The gorilla is the keyboard man for the animal band, which is banging out *The King's Fools Rush In*

(*Where Angels Fear to Tread*). "Boy," Johnson says happily, "That organ player sure can jam."

Johnson's insouciance about publicity is one of the reasons he's so unheralded. The truth is, he's practically AFC-champion Cincinnati's entire running attack. He rushed for 1,077 yards and scored 16 touchdowns last season, both Bengal records. He has led Cincinnati in rushing yardage in all five of his pro seasons. At 28 he's already the Bengals' career leader in rushing (4,445), total offense (5,363) and touchdowns (52). So far this season he has a team-leading 409 yards and three TDs for the 4-1 Bengals.

Johnson isn't a sleek, Body by Fisher back like Tony Dorsett or Billy Sims; he's strictly Peterbilt. He's a throwback to the elephant backs of the 60s; he'd sooner run over people than around them. Of course, Johnson is less widely known than either Dorsett or Sims, but then he doesn't seem to care very much about recognition. After a game against the Colts two years ago Johnson was asked if he knew he'd had a team record of 32 carries. "I don't be counting," he said. "I just be playing."

"Pete's just Pete," says Bengal Punter Pat McNally. "Most ath-



He's scaling the heights

Cincy's Pete Johnson may be overweight, but he can sure bowl you over

letes I know get lost within the system and become conscious of their image as pro football players. But Pete just uses football; it gives him the freedom to be himself. It's not that he's rude; he really is in his own world. You gotta love Pete."

Johnson's big round face with chubby cheeks is lovable. He has the cockiness of a kid with all the toys, but his voice is surprisingly soft, coming from a man the size of a tobacco warehouse.

He always seems to have a smile on his face, a nice combination of the innocent

and diabolical. He wears it whether he's driving The Cisco Kid, which is what he calls his customized van, or riding bareback on his stallion, Black Sea, or performing tenor selections from *Brigadoon*—on which he worked backstage for his high school—in the clubhouse shower. And he wears it when he's barreling through opponents. "When I look at game films of myself," he says, "I always seem to be smiling."

He was smiling in the huddle between carries during a home game last year

when a plane appeared overhead trailing a banner. The crowd chanted, "Pete, Pete, Pete." Pete finally looked up and saw an aerial mesh note: PETE JOHNSON I LOVE YOU FROM K. He shrugged. "I think there must be a lot of Pete Johnsons in the stadium," he said after the game. "I don't think I'm the only one."

"K's waiting for you," shouted one of his teammates.

"K better not be," said Johnson, smiling, "because Joanne's outside."

Defensive linemen don't ever seem to see a smile, however. "Every time he plays us," says Steeler Linebacker Jack Ham, "he appears to be snarling." Bengal Offensive Backfield Coach George Sefcik calls the look obsessed. "I go into a trance," says Johnson, who runs low to the ground, with his head bowed, usually gripping the ball tightly with two hands while he looks for someone to blast into. "If someone's going to bother to tackle me, I want him to feel it more than I do. I want to make him pay."

Johnson rarely fumbles, and it takes about a ton and a half of football players to bring him down. He has 29-inch thighs, each almost as big as some running backs' waists. Steeler Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert calls Johnson the toughest guy to tackle in the NFL. Houston Oilers Linebacker Greg Bingham adds, "It's hard to stop Pete in his tracks. No, impossible. Particularly on third-and-one. It's a matter of physics."

"As a defender," says Ham, "you're taught to hit and wrap your arms around a ballcarrier and run through him. I couldn't wrap my arms around Pete Johnson if my hands were at his calves."

Ham recalls one play last season when the Bengals had the ball on the Steeler three. Johnson took a handoff and bulled his way into the gridlock of players. "That whole pile moved right into the end zone," Ham says. "It was like everyone was swept in by a bulldozer. There were nine bodies lying in the end zone, Steelers and Bengals. It wasn't funny at the time, but you could laugh when you looked at it on film and saw that whole mass of humanity moving into the end zone like the start of an avalanche."

"If it comes down to getting a first down or you," Johnson says, "it's you

who's got to go." That axiom includes everyone, regardless of team affiliation. Nobody knows that better than Bengal Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth. On one of Johnson's carries, against Houston, last season, Collinsworth hesitated before applying a block, and Johnson slammed into him, popping him over the secondary like a cork out of a champagne bottle. "People ask who's the toughest guy I ever played against," deadpans Collinsworth, "and I say Pete Johnson."

Later in that game, on third and 20, Johnson carried the ball into two Oilers. Collinsworth started trotting off the field, sure that Johnson was stopped and the field-goal unit would be coming on. But Johnson scattered the Houston defenders like a bowling ball scattering pins, and when Collinsworth looked around, he saw that Johnson had picked up the first down. "I thought about going over to the two guys lying on the field and telling them I knew how they felt," Collinsworth says.

Although Johnson rushed for 2,959

yards and scored 198 points from 1977 to 1980, the Bengals were 22-40. He was like a Panzer division without air support. But when Collinsworth arrived in 1981, he gave the Bengals a topflight passing game. He outran defenders to haul in 67 passes, and in the process he opened up running—and receiving—room for Johnson. Whenever Quarterback Ken Anderson's downfield receivers were covered last year, he dumped off to Johnson, who caught 46 passes for 318 yards and four TDs.

Johnson's 3.9-yard career rushing average is misleading; he regularly breaks away for long gains, beginning with a 65-yarder his rookie year. "The darn guy hasn't lost any of his speed," says Woody Hayes. "I doubt if there are three fullbacks in the pros today faster than Pete."

Johnson hasn't lost any of his cockiness, either.

"Who's your ideal fullback?" he's asked.

"Me," Johnson says.

Johnson was born Willie James Ham-

continued



This is high stepping for Johnson, who likes to lower his head and then lower the boom.

mock in Fort Valley, Ga. Depending on whom he's talking to, he says that he got the name Johnson from his father, his grandfather, L.B.J. or the Band-Aid company. His mother says she nicknamed him Pete when he was two days old, but he has a different story. "My Uncle James started calling me that when I was five," he says. "On hot summer days I'd

school football. His career got its start in the seventh grade when, as a 5' 5", 155-pound drummer for the school band, he caught the eye of the Hunt High football coach. Soon afterward he was moved up to the varsity. It was about then that he began using the name Pete Johnson. "The school frowned on 12-year-olds' playing on the varsity," he explains.



Johnson customized his van, The Cisco Kid, for wall-to-wall pursuit of the good life.

chase the Peter Pan ice cream truck. My favorite flavor was butter pecan."

Johnson was raised by great-grandparents on a farm. He hardly remembers his father; his mother, who was only 13 when he was born, moved to Long Beach, N.Y. to live with her mother. Johnson recalls the farm as a generally happy place. He adored his younger brother, Jerry, who lived with the boys' grandmother in Long Beach and would visit the farm once or twice a year. Pete called him Pretty Brother. One summer, when Pete was about nine, he had a fight with Pretty Brother and told him, "I hope I never see you again." A couple of months later, Pete heard that Pretty Brother had slipped off a rope under a bridge and drowned in Long Island Sound. "It set me to thinking," he says. "Life is a lot shorter than people realize. They work so hard they never have time to enjoy life. All they have to look forward to is dying. When I go, I don't want anyone to say I haven't lived."

Johnson played six years of high

When Johnson was in the 10th grade Auburn reps tried to recruit him. He says they thought he was a senior.

High school football was pretty tough in Peach County. Johnson's coach made his players block an idling pickup truck with tires strapped on the grill. Occasionally he popped the clutch and let it block back. "Coach just wanted to see if we were paying attention," says Johnson. Before his senior year, Johnson moved to Long Island to be with his mother, and that year he signed a letter of intent with West Virginia. Then Hayes showed up. True to form, Johnson kept the Ohio State coach waiting half an hour while he set up props for *Brigadoon*.

Johnson says he chose Ohio State because his mother liked Hayes. Archie Griffin, then a Buckeye freshman and now a Bengal halfback, says the real reason was a girl Johnson met at a party when he visited Columbus to look the campus over. He thought she'd be there the following semester. She wasn't.

Johnson and Griffin formed a terrific

tandem for the Buckeyes. Griffin got the yardage, two Heimanns and a lot of press. Johnson scored the touchdowns, a Big Ten record 58.

Johnson's two names caused some confusion at Ohio State. He played football as Pete Johnson and enrolled in classes as Willie Hammock. Hayes started wondering what was going on when he never got any grade reports for Johnson. Johnson at the same time was compounding the confusion by signing his classwork "Pete Johnson." Hardly anybody knew who he was, including maybe himself. "Woody told me I had to make up my mind what I wanted to be called," he says. Goodbye Willie Hammock.

He was an education major, but Griffin says Johnson's real interest was women studies. Today, Johnson's work in that field is highly esteemed by his teammates. "He's smooth," says Griffin. "You listen to him talk to a woman on the phone, and you think he's real small."

The Cisco Kid is equipped with all the amenities of bachelorhood. The \$18,000 '77 Chevy has wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling shag carpeting, a refrigerator, a stereo, a TV and, alongside the bed, a six-bottle wine rack that Johnson calls his "cellar." He named the van for his favorite TV show. "I liked Pancho drinking the wine," he says.

Johnson's pursuit of the good life has made his fluctuating weight a cause célèbre in Cincinnati. Coach Forrest Gregg was astounded at the Bengals' 1980 mini-camp when Johnson showed up at 279 pounds. "He looked like a refrigerator with feet," Gregg recalls. "That's ridiculous," counters Johnson. "Refrigerators don't have feet."

The weight question has been a heavy topic ever since. Gregg doesn't want Johnson to weigh much more than 245. Johnson says he's more comfortable around 260. After one 112-yard day that included a 57-yard touchdown run, Johnson marched reporters over to a scale and got on. He tipped in at 262. "That wasn't me out on the field," he said. "I put my brother in my place. Fat men can't run that fast."

Johnson makes light of the weight issue and uses his own inverted logic to answer critics who say his pounding, head-on running style will shorten his career. "You can't shorten your career by running through something," he insists. "Ever see someone get hit by a truck? Whose career gets shortened then?"

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by Frank Deford

There is a considerable body of American literature about disappointed middle-aged men reflecting upon their youthful athletic glories. What sets *That Championship Season* apart and lends distinction to this work by Jason Miller is that in it a group of old basketball players, a team, together tread that path back to their youth. Furthermore, Miller uses his story to examine the crucial role that a high school coach can play in shaping the lives of so many red-blooded boys.

Beyond these fascinating, essentially sports themes, *That Championship Season* (which won a Pulitzer Prize when it was a play on Broadway a decade ago) takes a 1957 high school basketball team from Scranton, Pa. and uses the cherished sporting memories of its members as a window through which to look at one aspect of American culture, at the changes that have shaken all the Scrantons in the past 25 years. I didn't see the play, but I was familiar with its gist. Still, I wasn't prepared for quite how far Miller, who also directed the film, takes us from the locker room. This isn't a "sports movie"; indeed, if there's one rubric for it, it's "religious movie."

The players, only four of whom appear, won the state title at a public high school, but their shared Roman Catholic upbringing joins them more than basketball. And so when Ward Preston, the production designer, went to Scranton to choose the coach's house, where most of the film takes place, he selected a house that was high and arched, full of stained-glass windows. The cinematography by John Bailey speaks the same liturgical language, illuminating the interiors in flickering half-lights. If not a church itself, then surely it's a rectory that the players return to. And in the spirit of the Eucharist, it seems, they come home to more than mere reunion.

The coach, played by Robert Mitchum, says he almost became a priest; he made sure all his boys—"my real trophies"—went on to Jesuit colleges; he served as a substitute father and worldly pastor for them—the closest thing to God any boy will find on earth. The play-



Now, here's a film worthy of its title

"That Championship Season": a win

ers are in their 40s, but they defer to him yet. The coach's name is never spoken, he's always "Coach" or "Sir." The characters are permitted to go their own way for a time, and then Coach appears, calling a time-out, so to speak, to assess developments, to direct them in new strategies, deus and deus ex machina alike.

The plot is simple, playing off the '57 title game, when Mitchum's boys beat a Philadelphia school led by "an eight-foot nigger," against a present-day Scranton majority campaign in which one of the team members, George (Bruce Dern, above), is running for reelection against "a goddamn kike." The parallel is all too clear. One minority stole their sport, and now another is threatening to steal their political power. Miller's ethnic Catholics—two Micks, a Dago and a Polack, as they characterize themselves—are frightened of defeat. Fear runs through the movie where one might expect to find only anger and disappointment. "The only sin is losing. Forgive me, Father, I

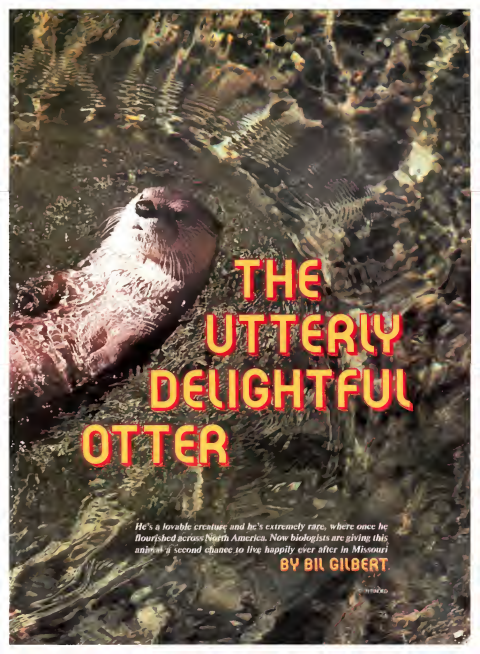
have sinned," Tom (Martin Sheen) slurs, in his cups, to Coach. And the only way to win—again—Coach intones, is to stick together, to hold back the future with the same old platitudes and litanies.

The acting is uniformly excellent. For all his soldiers and cops, this is the part we'll remember Mitchum for. He's a lesson in containment, and, at the end, when he listens to a recording of the final seconds of the title game, his expression is, simply, indelible. Of the two brothers on the team, Sheen, the cynic, is very much still the playmaker, keeping things moving, while Stacy Keach, now a dutiful junior high school principal, makes much of the least attractive role. As the writer, Miller errs in making Phil (Paul Sorvino) so venal. And as the director, Miller never quite succeeds in making George, the mayor, a fathomable character. Then again, perhaps Dern has played so many crazies that it's hard to thank of him as anything else. It's funny, I never could visualize how Dern might have looked on the court. I could see Sorvino as a backcourt gunner and Keach playing defense and rebounding. We're told Sheen was the point guard, but Dern...

That's a quibble, though. *That Championship Season* is a full and fulfilling work. To be sure, it won't satisfy all tastes. It's intense and grim, and what humor there is, is invariably wounding or scatological. But what an air it has, what a texture. How well it knows its people, and its place, and both its times.

DMG





THE UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL OTTER

He's a lovable creature and he's extremely rare, where once he flourished across North America. Now biologists are giving this animal a second chance to live happily ever after in Missouri

BY BILL GILBERT

PHOTOGRAPH BY



continued

Given the disparate living arrangements of man and otter, it was never easy to associate intimately with the critter, even when otters were plentiful. Opportunities to do so now are more rare than the rare beasts themselves. Still, there may be no other animals which have enjoyed such a good press. From Thornton W. Burgess to Walt Disney to Gavin Maxwell, mammalian publicists have given them the highest marks for appearance, playfulness and affability. Good-natured and amusing best sums up the popular notion of the otter.

This opinion prevails despite the fact that the native otter (*Lutra canadensis*) belongs to the weasel family, many members of which are regarded as disagreeable and vicious. After wolverines, otters are the largest inland weasels of North America, weighing up to 30 pounds and attaining a body length of up to 2½ feet. (Pacific sea otters may weigh 80 pounds and the giant Brazilian otter can measure more than seven feet from nose to tail.) Like all the weasels, otters are predators, but specialized aquatic ones with webbed feet, powerful rudderlike tails and dense,

insulating fur. They are stronger and more stylish swimmers than beavers, muskrats or minks and are at least the equals of some fish, having been observed overtaking trout. However, like other predators, excepting ourselves, otters show no inclination for sport or thrill hunting and generally feed upon what is most abundant and easiest to catch—turtles, snakes, crustaceans, suckers, carp and such. When opportunities present themselves, otters can take a duckling, rabbit or muskrat. They also forage on the roots and stalks of aquatic plants.

Out of the water, otters aren't particularly graceful, loping along with the humped-back gait peculiar to many of the weasels, but they are swifter afoot than man. Ordinarily they aren't terrestrial hunters, but they frequently make fairly long overland journeys of exploration or migration, sometimes crossing considerable heights of land dividing watersheds. As a rule they den in burrows delved by other mammals, but, at least in the tule marshes of California, they have been reported to construct tepee-like shelters out of reeds. Pups, up to five in a litter, are born in the spring and usually hunt with their dams for most of the next year. Only rarely do dog otters stay with the family.

Being effective predators and so strong and agile that they themselves are almost immune from natural predation, otters, if they are in a reasonably productive environment, apparently have a good bit of time on their paws. They utilize it by taking long naps, sunbathing and investigating—out of pure curiosity, it seems—in-

teresting creatures and things, such as people and boats, which they find in their neighborhoods. Also, they certainly look as if they enjoy sport. Young otters engage in taglike behavior, and they bat, throw and catch bits of buoyant debris with their very manipulative paws. A notable characteristic of otters is their habit of making slides on mud- or snowbanks and using them with every appearance of pleasure. A family group will occupy itself for hours at a time swooshing down one of these runs, emerging from the water and scrambling back up the incline to repeat the trip. Behavioral purists sometimes object to calling such activity play, but nobody has offered a more descriptive term.

As is the case with all other bloods, we know next to nothing about the inner lives of otters—their emotional and cerebral responses, their hopes, fears and ambitions, so to speak. Objectively, there is no more reason to regard them as wet, jovial hobbits than there is for attributing sagacity to owls, nobility to lions or viciousness to wolverines. Nevertheless, why we feel as we do about otters is perhaps easier to understand than are most snap anthropomorphic opinions. When we meet them, otters look and generally behave, according to our standards, like terrific folks with whom it would be a great pleasure to become better acquainted. The more dismal the circumstances, the more terrific they are.

One summer past I had occasion to investigate the latest in a series of environmental crises that had beset Florida's Everglades. This one had to do with plans of



Upon arriving from Louisiana, Missouri's otters received physical exams and then underwent surgery for the implantation of radio transmitters. From left, an anesthetized otter is shaved for an incision, through which a transmitter is inserted. The incision is sutured. A still groggy otter is carried back to his pen. In a few days he will have recovered sufficiently to be set free again.



public agencies and private entrepreneurs to build a jetport nearby, which, it was feared, might have a bad effect on the quantity and quality of water entering this extraordinary jungle. Being an environmental war correspondent, I went to this combat zone.

A Park Service naturalist provided me with a canoe and sketchy directions for reaching a place called Lard Can Camp, 10 miles or so into the Everglades, where he thought there would be enough dry land to pitch a tent. Though the camp appeared on a map describing fun canoe trails in the park, neither this Fed nor any of his colleagues had been there in some time. On the morning I left, he gave me a pep talk and a roll of orange engineer's ribbon, suggesting that if I should happen to find the camp he would appreciate it if I would mark my return route so that he and others could follow it.

It was July and the temperature in the thickets, night and day, was about 100°. The humidity was about the same. It had been a wet month and whatever their future, the Everglades were then in good shape, there being no genuinely dry places anywhere along my route. Bugs were doing marvelously well. Great armadas of mosquitoes and deerflies were reinforced by *flotillas* representing, I had the impression, every known species of biting insect and very likely a few undescribed ones. In consequence I spent nearly all of my four-day trip in the canoe, the floorboards of which were awash with a solution of water, mud and spent insect dope. I used my tent as a kind of antibug envelope, unrolling it at

night under the thwart. After half an hour or so of being so contained in waterproof nylon, I felt the way chicken livers look in a plastic bag that has been in a supermarket case well beyond the sell-by date. I had to come out periodically, trading fear of suffocation for that of being punctured and sucked.

Eventually I reached Lard Can Camp, which afforded some ego satisfaction but not much relief, because the hummock it was on was then under a foot or so of water and occupied by a lively community of cottonmouths. The method for reaching this spot is easier to describe than it was to execute. There was a narrow, open channel that wound tortuously through the mangrove thickets. Every half mile or so this passage would open into a small pond created by wallowing alligators or other natural forces. From most of these ponds three or four leads would twist off into the mangrove, but only one was the continuing channel. The right one was determined by making a random choice and following it for a time: *If it pinched off in the thickets, the only thing was to turn around, go back to the pond and try again.* Doing this promotes sympathy for the work of rats in laboratory mazes—and also contemplation of the true meaning of serendipity.

Sitting early in the morning at one of these intersections, sweating and itching. I was welcomed to the pond by a pair of otters that surfaced within a long paddle's length of the canoe and began to disport themselves around it. Again, to emphasize reality, I have no idea what they were up to, whether they were dis-

playing curiosity, fear, hostility or territoriality and what, if any, was their opinion of me. However, they looked and acted merry. Among other things, they were very vocal in the attractive manner of their kind, popping up beside the canoe and chirping, twittering and chattering in high, sweet tones. I can remember thinking that in a bizarre way the sounds were like those I had heard at high school proms while waiting outside the powder room for my date.

When they find something of interest, otters have an inclination to rise up and strike poses. Their faces are vaguely humanoid; it is sometimes claimed that otters are the source of tales of the existence of mermaids. If so, the watermen who spread the stories must have been separated from their loved ones for a long time. My own impression is that the otter's face resembles a combination of Andy Gump (thinking very well of its general handsomeness, I see no harm in admitting that the otter is chinless) and a bearded Walter Brennan as he appeared in the later reels of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Their mouths turn up in a pleasant smile, their whiskers straggle in an unkempt but raffish way and their eyes—may I be struck from the rolls of the American Society of Mammalogists—seem to twinkle.

This particular pair dived, posed and gossiped for about 10 minutes and cheered me to a degree that I would have bet heavily, before their coming, nothing could have done in my circumstances. Their intent was more than likely otherwise, but I took the message of the otters to be, "Have a real good one." Because of them I remember the entire expedition to Lard Can Camp as being a fine outing. Without otters it could easily have been a bummer.

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Before and since then I have known other otters: a family that operated a mud slide on the banks of a Michigan lake where I spent my youth; a very bold one in whose immediate company I fished for grayling along the Yellowstone River on the edge of the Arctic barrens; and half a dozen others. The Everglades pair was particularly uplifting because of my con-

and are uncommon everywhere except for a few areas along the Gulf Coast and the Canadian border. The elimination and degradation of wetland habitats have been factors in their decline, but perhaps not so critical as with other species. Surprisingly, there still are large tracts which would be environmentally suitable for the species. They are otterless because of direct human predation; that is, because every last animal was trapped out of them during the last 200 years. Even during the great days of the 19th century beaver trade, the otter was the most prized individual native furbearer. Currently the raw fur brings as much as \$60 a skin.

As a practical matter, what we have

there are among people who adorn themselves with dead otter parts.

These sentiments are common enough to be accepted as reasonable, and doing something about otters is beginning to be regarded as legitimate public work. In both Arizona and Colorado attempts have been made by state environmental agencies to restock waters with otters, and Indiana, Kansas, Illinois and Iowa are considering doing the same. Currently the most ambitious project is under way in Missouri. Nineteen otters obtained from Louisiana were released there last spring, and the plan is to turn loose another 40 next year. The methods of the experimental program are fairly high-tech, but the reasons are essentially emotional, idealistic and esthetic.

"Historically, we treated the otter badly," says Dave Erickson, the wildlife research biologist in charge. "Directly and willfully we exterminated them in most of Missouri and elsewhere. This is an attempt to correct an injustice. Also, it is a popular experiment. I don't think there has been a single critic, no one who has suggested that it is an unnecessary or undesirable use of state funds and personnel. The public has a good perception of the otter and wants it back in the state."

That Missouri should have taken the lead isn't surprising, because within the professional environmental establishment, that state's Department of Conservation is frequently cited as the most effective and enlightened in the country. During the past several decades biologists and ecologists working for the agency have compiled an enviable record of improving wildlife habitats and revitalizing remnant populations of species that once appeared to be not long for the territory. The renaissance of the wild turkey, ruffed grouse and paddlefish are notable examples.

An exceptional political climate and financial resources have had more to do with Missouri's achievements than any particular natural endowment of the state. For some years the Conservation Federation of Missouri has been one of the most influential private organizations in the state and, unlike similar groups elsewhere, hasn't been racked by bitter quarrels between "consumptive" (hunters, trappers and fishermen) and "non-consumptive" (nature appreciators and protectionists) users of wildlife. "I don't know exactly how it got started," says

continued



Press photographers get set to catch the action at an otter release near Missouri's Silver Lake.

dition, but I have never met a bad or boring otter. Furthermore, I have never personally known anyone who has. People remember the experiences they have with otters, and seem to be very glad they have had them.

Unfortunately, the benign feeling we have toward these animals has not buttered many parsnips for them. When Europeans arrived in North America, there was (except for a small area of the desert southwest) scarcely a stream or lake between the Atlantic and Pacific that didn't support some river otters. Now they have been extirpated from more than half their former range, including nearly all the great river systems of the midlands.

liked best about otters has been the pelts of the dead ones, but our admiration for living ones has been sufficient to create some feelings of regret and guilt about what we did to get their skins. It is very common to meet people—farmers, loggers, hunters, fishermen, casual naturalists, boners—who believe their neighborhoods have declined because there are no more otters. They feel impoverished, not so much physically as metaphysically, because there is no possibility of catching a glimpse of one. In this group should be included trappers, among whom there seem to be many more people who miss otters, for reasons that have nothing to do with greed, than

The Spirit of America



Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance

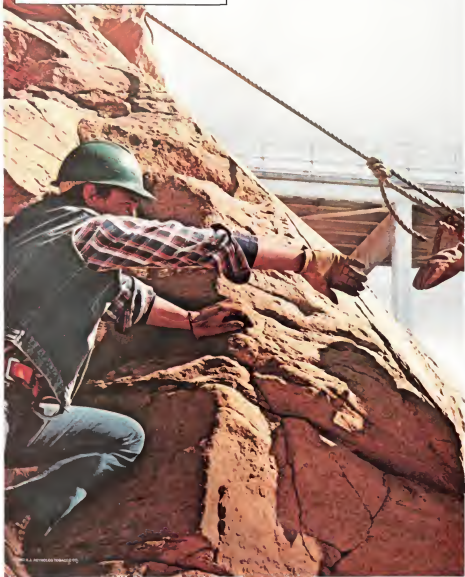
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continued

Jim Keefe, the department's information officer for 31 years, "but there's a tradition of cooperation here. Bird hunters and bird watchers, for example, seem more interested in finding things they can agree on and support, say general habitat improvement, than picking fights with each other. Very seldom does the status of a species or wildlife management become a partisan issue here, as I understand it often does in other states."

The most practical benefit of this unusual harmony has been that the federation spearheaded the campaign to pass a law which adds one-eighth of a cent to the state's 4% sales tax to support conservation and wildlife programs. Among our

Drained by our country's two largest rivers and cut by many smaller streams and wetlands, Missouri has always been prime otter country. However, the bulk of the population was eliminated in the 1800s as the fur men moved west toward the beaver waters of the Rockies. Throughout the 20th century otters have been uncommon in Missouri; in 1970 it was estimated that fewer than 100 animals remained. Most of these were in the Bootheel, an oddly shaped appendage that hangs off the southeast corner of the state and includes some wildish Mississippi River bottomlands.

The purpose of the otter experiment was to reestablish the animals outside the Bootheel, particularly along and north of the Missouri River, where, except for occasional transients, there probably had been no otters for at least 50 years. To this end, state biologists conducted detailed habitat surveys. It was decided that the best locale for releasing the first otters was in the Grand River watershed, some 20 miles upstream from the confluence of the Grand with the main stem of the Missouri. The Grand flows from the Iowa border in a southeasterly direction and its wet, low-lying valley is laced with many small, slow-moving streams. They wind through vast soybean and cornfields, but because the land is too wet and muddy to be farmed economically, they are choked with junglelike vegetation. This provides excellent cover for otters. Equally important, the waters produce an extraordinary tonnage of crayfish, suckers, catfish and other protein sources upon which otters thrive.

"I have always been amazed at the fertility of the Midwest," says Erickson, a 31-year-old native of the gnarled mountains of central Pennsylvania. "It's as good a place for wild species as it is for soybeans, corn and cattle, and for the same reasons—rich soil, moderate climate and abundant water."

Another reason for selecting the lower Grand Valley for reintroducing otters was that some 10,000 acres of it comprise the Swan Lake National Wildlife Refuge, well over half of which is covered by shallow impoundments and marshland. Swan Lake is best known as the winter home for a flock of some 150,000 Canada geese. (The nearby village of Sumner claims to be the Wild Goose Capital of the World.) However, it provides good habitat for a great variety of other resi-

continued



On land and water and in the air, wildlife biologist Erickson uses a special radio antenna to monitor otter movements. There have been numerous sightings of the animals, but only a very few without the help of telemetry.

states this is a unique funding arrangement. It provides the Department of Conservation with an additional \$30 million a year to use for the benefit of wildlife in general, without having to placate or grovel before special-interest groups.

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dent and migratory species, and may be one of the most productive wildlife tracts on the continent.

Also, because it is a federal sanctuary and closed to trapping, Swan Lake gives otters as much freedom from human predation as is possible. In Missouri the species is protected absolutely, and, the threat of stiff fines aside, no one involved in the otter restoration is overly worried

about fur trappers as putative poachers. To the contrary, the Missouri Trappers Association, for reasons of sentiment rather than commerce, contributed \$1,500 to be used for the otter restoration experiment, the total cost of which will be about \$10,000 for 1982. However, there are a number of perfectly legal beaver trappers in Missouri, and there is no way of guaranteeing that otters, which are not particularly trap-wary, don't end up in their sets. By releasing the first animals on the federal holding, it was thought that they would at least commence their Missouri residency in a place where there are no risks of such accidents.

Having selected Swan Lake as the best place to begin the experiment, and with

the cooperation of the Federal Government, Missouri agents began dickering for otters. Because of the state's success in restoring wild turkey populations, there is now an abundance of the birds, and of a strain particularly suitable for other areas in the South and Midwest. Therefore, 32 of breeding age were live-trapped and sent to Kentucky, which had very few turkeys and wanted more. In return, for \$8,000 Kentucky bought 20 adult otters, 10 of each sex, from private trappers in Louisiana and sent them to Missouri.

Nobody is sure how many otters there are in Louisiana. For this species, as for most others, wildlife census figures are fairly meaningless, being derived from small samples and a great deal of extrapo-

LISTENING IN ON WILDLIFE

We have been curious about other animals for a very long time—probably for about as long as we have been—but we have had remarkably little success in satisfying this curiosity. We can better predict the movements of the planets than we can those of most of our terrestrial coinhabitants.

The difficulty of collecting data is apparent to anyone who has tried, even casually, to become better acquainted with feral animals.

Telemetry involves equipping an animal with a small radio transmitter that sends either intermittent or constant signals. These signals are picked up and followed by means of mobile receivers with directional antennas. An animal can be located at distances of up to five miles, depending on the power of the transmitter, above or underground, in heavy brush, water, treescapes or the air. Thus, its movements can be monitored.

Basic radio-tracking techniques were de-

vised during World War II for military purposes. The miniaturization of equipment made it feasible for use in wildlife research. In this country the first field studies, which involved wolves, porcupines and rabbits, were made in the early 1960s. Since then everything from bats to bears and moose to moose has undergone telemetric investigation. At first the subjects were generally medium-to-large mammals, which could be fitted with neck collars to which transmitters were attached. Further state-of-the-art advances have greatly expanded telemetric possibilities. Now the technique is regularly used to track birds with transmitters in breast harnesses, or on their legs or pinions. Implantation—putting radios inside animals, as was done with the Missouri otters—has expanded during the past five years. It was made possible by developments in veterinary surgery and radio miniaturization and is employed with creatures that cannot be fitted easily with external transmitters. Now, in addition to otters, there are minks, skunks and ground squirrels carrying radios next to their brains.

Because of telemetry, there has been a substantial increase in our knowledge about many species, particularly as to territorial movement and activity patterns. As an example, by using radio-telemetry on just a few bobcats, which are secretive, nocturnal creatures rarely observed by humans, scientists in Idaho were able to plot the animals' move-

ments and make an accurate estimate of their territorial needs, which led, for the first time, to an educated guess at the state's bobcat population. An advantage of telemetry is its cost-effectiveness. Traditional marking or banding requires a greater initial outlay of time and money; for a significant sampling, more individuals need to be captured and identified, since the percentage of specimens recovered or sighted is relatively small. With telemetry, nearly every animal equipped with a transmitter is traceable. However, now that the newness of implantation has worn off there are practitioners who admit that the technique has at times been overused for faddish reasons; some fairly trivial information has been collected by professionals largely to demonstrate their professionalism or to produce interoffice memos and dissertations of little consequence to other men or beasts. "I've seen too many telemetry studies in which the only real purpose seemed to be to use telemetry," says Dale Stockland, assistant chief of the game division of the Wyoming Game and Fish Department, Alan Sargeant, a federal biologist working out of the Northern Prairie Wildlife Research Center in Jamestown, N. Dak., is a pioneer American telemetric, having used the technique for nearly 20 years in his studies. "Telemetry is an extraordinary tool," he says. "Because of it we can do things that were previously impossible. But people have played biological games with it, used telemetry because it was available, when it was unnecessary or inappropriate."

Astronomers peering at Mars through a telescope have, so far as we know, no effect on the planet. If they play games—use their time and equipment to little purpose—it's of no significance to anyone but themselves. The situation is different in the zoological sciences in which the nature and activity of the observ-



Transmitters may have either exterior or interior antennas.

lation. However, each year Louisiana trappers take about 10,000 otter pelts. The removal of the 20 animals for Missouri had next to no effect on the status of otters in Louisiana. When they arrived from Louisiana many of the 20 bore trap and mauling scars. Otters, like many of the mustelids—the weasel family—conduct rough to bloody courtships. These marks pleased rather than distressed the Missouri biologists for they indicated they were receiving truly wild animals. "Otters aren't easy to come by, and you have to take what you can get," says Erickson. "We were hoping we wouldn't have animals whose behavior had been altered by being raised or held too long in captivity. There was no question about the wildness of the ones we got. I've never dealt

with animals so determined and able to defend themselves as these otters. We were extremely careful with them—for their welfare of course, but also our own." That made sense; otters are powerfully muscled creatures with formidable teeth. There are stories of imprudent trappers having arms and hands mutilated by unsubdued captives.

Two batches of otters were sent to Missouri: 13 animals in March, the remaining seven in May. All were shipped directly to Swan Lake, where a facility had been prepared for them. They were met by three veterinary surgeons from the University of Missouri. After giving the animals a general health examination, the vets made an incision in the side of each otter and inserted a radio trans-

mitter, which will float freely in the body cavity for the rest of the animal's life. The transmitter is about the diameter (3/4 of an inch) of a standard C flashlight battery and almost twice as long (three or four inches) with a six-inch strand of antenna wire extending from some models. These devices are expected to emit signals for up to 500 days—the maximum time current lithium technology permits—allowing Erickson and his associates, using mobile receivers, to keep more or less constant tabs on the free-roaming otters during that time. In addition to routine beeps, the transmitters are designed to emit a "mortality signal." It begins if vital activities cease for several hours.

While not exactly defensive about the use of these devices, the Missouri re-

command

er are apt to change the activity of the thing observed. Radiotelemetry can be reasonably defended on the ground that beyond satisfying curiosity, the data collected enable us to better manage and protect species and populations of wild creatures, nearly all of which are now wards of man. However, the individual animals that are subjects of telemetry studies are never benefited. Their lives are always disrupted; sometimes they are shortened. Says Sargeant, "Other things being equal, I prefer to use external rather than internal transmitters. We have had good success with implantation, but any surgery obviously increases the risks for the animal." By extension it is also obvious that no telemetry is safer for a creature than any telemetry.

An animal bearing a transmitter may be only minimally inconvenienced in the wild; the process of rigging it for telemetric study is the chief danger. Even if only an external transmitter is used, the creature must be trapped, handled and almost always either tranquilized or anesthetized, all of which, along with such things as conducting physical examinations, taking blood samples and giving immunizing injections, is called, in the jargon of this trade, "hands-on research." The benefits for research are generally thought to outweigh the risks to the animals studied, but rare creatures raise difficult questions about how much research of this sort is necessary. The debate has been intensified because of several unfortunate incidents involving highly publicized endangered species. During the past 10 years five black-footed ferrets and one California condor (respectively, the most endangered mammal and bird in the country) have died as a result of hands-on research—though not directly because of telemetry.

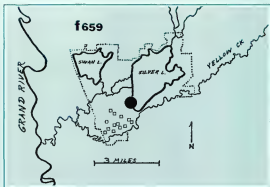
At present the only native ferrets known to exist—some 50 animals—are living in an iso-

lated area of northwestern Wyoming. Before their surprising discovery a year ago, the last sighting of wild ferrets was in South Dakota in the early 1970s. For administrative and political reasons the responsibility for managing these animals has been transferred from the federal endangered-species program to the state. In consequence, Strickland has become one of the working public guardians of these animals. He feels that, among other things, they need protection from overzealous researchers. "The first priority is to preserve this population and to try to determine what environmental factors have allowed it to survive," he says. "I'm going to be very careful about giving any permits for hands-on research and this definitely includes telemetry.

Simply calling a project research doesn't automatically make it desirable."

The same issue has become a confrontational one in California. A few months ago the fish and game commission there announced it was terminating permits to researchers from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Audubon Society to conduct telemetry studies on the surviving condors.

The essential questions about telemetry are similar to those raised by many other high-tech devices and processes. The tool itself is an extraordinary one, so extraordinary that it sometimes addles us, making us act as if having powerful means justifies whatever ends they make possible. —B.G.



Radio signals over six months showed that female #659 stayed close to her release point.



continued

searchers are well aware that they are controversial (see box, page 82). It is difficult not to think about what it might feel like to have a double C cell rolling around one's own innards. In response to humanitarian objections, Erickson says that the technique has been used successfully with other feral mammals, who after a short recovery period have shown no signs of discomfort or even that they are aware that they are carrying radios inside them. A more conventional method for equipping wild animals with radios is to attach a transmitter to a neck collar, but with beasts of the weasel build this is next to impossible.

Erickson believes that in the case of the Missouri otters, radiotelemetry is justified; that without it the chances of successfully reintroducing otters would be sharply reduced. "Obviously, we hoped that all of the first 20 animals would do well, reproduce and become part of a new population here," he says. "But this is also an experiment aimed at learning how to reintroduce otters, something that up until now nobody has learned much about. We think an area like Swan Lake is an excellent one, but we have to test that assumption. If we have problems that we didn't foresee, we will try to correct them when we release the next 40 animals in the spring. To do that we have to have a fairly good idea of what has happened to the first otters—how they have responded. And keeping track of something like an otter in this kind of habitat is virtually impossible without using telemetry."

Erickson gave me a demonstration of this one hot summer day

in a large 4WD pickup that had become mired in the rich gumbo of a dike extending into Swan Lake. While we awaited rescue by another state-owned truck, the principal entertainment was swatting mosquitoes and listening to other bands on a receiver mounted on the bed of the pickup. None of the animals was visible from the spot, but according to the beeps, two males and a female were within a few hundred yards.

"In the three months since the first ones were released," said Erickson, "we have had only one free sighting—that is, without locating them first with the radio equipment—despite the fact that all the federal and state people on the refuge and hundreds of fishermen who use Swan Lake have been watching for them. Without telemetry that one sighting and a few signs would be all the information we would have about where they are, what they are doing or even if they were still living."

One otter, a female received in May, died during the radio implant operation. According to the attending vets, this was the smallest and weakest of the animals received. The remaining otters were held in cages to convalesce for several days, and then were released. Earlier, a female from the March batch had immediately left the water upon release and disappeared into a large adjacent soybean field. During the evening the area was struck by a ferocious thunderstorm accompanied by heavy hail. The next

morning the internal transmitter began sending a mortality signal, and the female was found dead in the soybean field. "Our best guess is that she died from stress induced by the operation, the handling and release," said Erickson. "There is probably nobody who cares more about what happens to these animals than I do. Professionally my neck is on the line if it doesn't work. I also have some strong emotional feelings about the animals. I feel responsible for what happens to them. I hated losing those two others that way, but I come back to the point that at least the first release is an experiment. The most important thing about it is learning some things about their basic behavior and how and where to release them. Despite those two deaths, I think this has been very successful so far because we know so much more about reintroducing otters than we or anybody else did three months ago."

In other efforts to reestablish otters, a few captive pairs have been released in scattered areas of several watersheds. In none of the previous attempts (notably in Arizona and Colorado) have all the animals been monitored by radio or direct observation. That makes their present status conjectural. Missouri biologists chose to put all their otters in one habitat basket. "Our reasoning," says Erickson, "was that we had a better chance of making continuing observations if they at least started from the same place. Also, we thought there would be better reproductive possibilities if

we more or less saturated one area rather than spreading them over a large one. The obvious hope is that these animals will form the nucleus of a breeding population. If they reproduce and we get more animals than this area can carry, the assumption is that the young will disperse and naturally establish themselves in other territories."

At first there were doubts as to whether the otters would go along with this plan and settle down in a relatively small, stable



Missouri wildlife management superintendent George Deffenbaugh's support with him to a J.

continued



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continued

community. In other circumstances they have been known to wander considerably, traveling, it has been reported, as much as 60 or 70 miles. However, thus far Missouri's new otters have behaved as if they find Swan Lake a desirable neighborhood. Some individuals were a bit restless immediately after their release. A male traveled 10 miles or so up a small tributary creek, but he, as well as others who made shorter trips, returned. As of late November, all but two were within three miles of their original release point, and most of their activities were confined to the federal sanctuary. Erickson suggests that this behavior demonstrates that Swan Lake provides an abundance of food for the otters and probably can support more.

In June there was a third death, the body of a male being found in a dense thicket. It had decomposed to the point that the cause of death couldn't be determined. However, malnutrition was obviously not a problem; that otter weighed 11 pounds when released and 16 at the time of its discovery.

Its foreleg bore an ugly puncture wound. A coyote or raccoon could have been responsible, but it is unlikely that a member of either species would have the opportunity or inclination to tackle a 16-pound otter. The best guess is that the attacker was another otter.

Our knowledge about the relationships of adult otters is sketchy. The telemetric data collected thus far show that they are at least intermittently social and, despite whatever fracas the dead one got into, reasonably amicable. Most of the animals have spent some time traveling, denning and resting together in pairs or trios. These associations don't seem to be permanent, with animals moving off to form new groupings or to live alone for a time. Also, no obvious sexual patterns have emerged. Male, female and mixed pairings have all been observed. Again, the availability of food and the generally excellent environment may be responsible, with the animals perhaps remain-

ing casually together because there is no compelling territorial reason for them to separate.

So far as the most critical social arrangements, reproductive ones, are concerned, it's possible that some of these were made before the animals arrived in Missouri, because begetting pups is a two-stage phenomenon that can last a year. As with a number of mammals, female otters may retain vital sperm for many months after copulation before the actual fertilization of eggs. During this period there are no embryos and there is no way of determining if an animal will eventually become pregnant. Whether the population of the Swan Lake animals will increase will remain an open ques-

I grew up near the Lumberlost, a once great swamp that lay across parts of southern Michigan and northern Indiana and was memorialized in the romantic novels of Gene Stratton Porter. Though I spent a lot of time in it as a boy, I certainly didn't consort regularly with otters. Beyond the family that used the big mud slide, I met otters briefly on only two occasions. Therefore what I miss now, there being no more otters in that neighborhood, isn't actually seeing otters but the possibility of doing so. Because of this lack, I like those parts less than I once did and find them somehow degraded.

All of which leads to some back and forth about how such feelings can be simply described and named. Perhaps it is



A project aide takes advantage of an otter's anesthetized state to record paw prints for identification.

tion at least until the whelping season next spring.

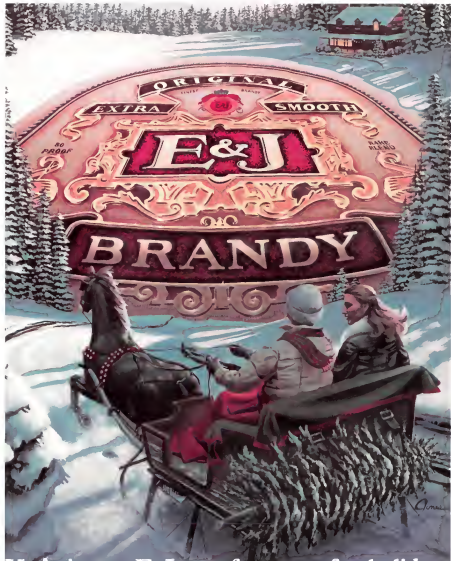
Meanwhile, the Grand River watch goes on. On a muddy day in the middle of the swamp, Erickson discovered a carp head, the remains of an otter's lunch.

"One day I was on that dike where we got stuck," Erickson said. "I'd picked up signals from a pair of otters and waited, hoping to see them. They came into the open and began catching frogs and crayfish, eating them like peanuts. Seeing them was satisfying, a lot of fun for me. I imagine it would have been for anyone. But so is this fish head, because it means there are otters in here again. Somehow, that upgrades this marsh and makes me like it more."

that so meager a sign of otter presence as a gnawed carp head makes wetlands seem wholesome in a very literal sense. Conversely, a lake, river or swamp that once had otters and still could but does not, seems unwholesome.

As to the why-bothers and so-whats: If they make it in Missouri, the otters will be a value added—romantic, historical, esthetic, intellectual—for a not inconsiderable group of us. Works such as restoring otters celebrate our humanity; trapping otters and wearing otter skins do not. There are obviously some who do not give a tinker's damn about whether there are ever again otters along the Grand River, but then the poor are always with us.

END



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Reminiscence

by JACK MALEY

FOR A YOUNG QUARTERBACK, IT WAS A BIG DEAL TO BECOME A LITTLE QUAKER

For kids with fantasies of football greatness, particularly those kids who want to test themselves against the best players in the country in their age group, Philadelphia is a great place to grow up. In my day I was one of the thousands of little leaguers who, after watching cartoons on Saturday morning, suited up for a game. Then, after playing neighborhood ball for six years, it was time to try out for the big leagues. The big leagues meant the Little Quakers.

The Little Quakers are an all-star team of 13- to 14-year-olds from Philadelphia and the surrounding area, including south New Jersey. To play for the Quakers in 1971, you had to weigh less than 135 pounds and survive an annual tryout that attracted about 200 hopefuls. For me, the tryout sessions were intimidating. After three or four sessions the crowded field of multicolored jerseys was whittled down to 45 players. That year I was one of the lucky (and somewhat talented) 45, and I played quarterback.

Our team had a cast of characters right out of Dickens, if he'd known anything about the wishbone and flex defenses. Lacoste alligators mixed it up with leather jackets. There were whites, blacks and a kid who said he was part Mohican—we called him Chief, of course. We also had Catholics, Protestants, Jews and even a 14-year-old atheist. It was not easy to mold us into a team. But Bob Levy, the chairman of the board of a storage business who founded the Little Quakers in 1953 and is the team's coach (with a 132-14-4 record) and one of its financial supporters, whipped us into a unit.

Twenty-nine years ago Levy, says the Little Quaker press guide "... had a dream. ... Levy loved children and he loved football. The dream was to put together a football team of youngsters ... who had not yet reached the high school level." And put together a team he did. The Little Quakers are one of the most successful boys' football teams in the country.

Everything about the Little Quakers is first class. The team has personalized equipment bags, separate offensive and defensive practice jerseys, home and away uniforms, nine assistant coaches, an administrative staff, a manager, a physician, two trainers, an executive director and a game director. Practice is held on an AstroTurf field, and I still have the turf burns to prove it. Not even bad weather could spoil a Quakers workout, because we could practice inside Haverford College's sprawling athletic complex whenever the need arose.

For me, besides the high level of competition, the most attractive part of playing for the Little Quakers was their away-game schedule. Instead of piling into the coaches' dented station wagons and driving over to the adjacent neighborhood, the Little Quakers boarded buses and planes to places like Hawaii, California, Florida and Arizona. The 1971 schedule included two long trips—one to Houston and the other to Fort Lauderdale.

After eight spirited practices, we played our first game in Philadelphia against the champs from a South Jersey league. No contest. We plastered them,

stead of Jack, I was reeling with ecstasy. I read the story over and over. My first big-time ink. I was a celebrity. Kids at school congratulated me. Maryellen Tomaszewski started returning my stares.

Our next two games were also played in the Philadelphia area. One at Valley Forge Military Academy, which we lost, and the other at Franklin Field, where the Eagles had played their home games before Veterans Stadium was built. Again, more ink.

During the Franklin Field game, fantasy fulfillment really began to rev up. Here I am, I thought, calling signals on the same field on which Sonny Jurgensen had barked out audibles. We lost that day to a team of ringers from Hollywood, Fla. They had a defensive tackle who, if he'd been born three million years ago, would have been a dinosaur. But who cared? There I was, quarterbacking the Little Quakers—and trying to control an ego that was quickly outgrowing my size 7 helmet. But the press coverage, the stadium, the personal recognition I was getting were only peanuts compared to what awaited me.

A week later, Levy and I cruised down the Atlantic City Expressway in his powder-blue Lincoln charting that afternoon's game plan against the New Orleans Vikings as we went. Bobby Levy Jr., who wasn't even a teen-ager and whose line of vision barely cleared the speedometer, steered while the cruise control maintained a then-legal 65-mph clip. We rolled along the highway with this peach-faced kid sitting atop a pair of shoulder pads, controlling our destiny. I kept my right eye on Coach Levy's X's and O's and my left on Chauffeur Levy. We arrived at our destination, Atlantic City Convention Hall, unscathed and ready to attack the Vikings' inverted secondary.

Layers of freshly cut sod had been placed on the Hall's concrete floor to create a handsome, TV-ready field, but one that seemed to have no give whatsoever. Waiting for our game to start, we sat just beyond the end zone in full pads and watched Delaware thump C.W. Post 72-22 in the Boardwalk Bowl. The Hall looked like a gymnasium with elephantiasis.

Our game plan, which relied on a mix of passing and wishbone running plays, worked perfectly as we breezed to a 32-7



and every player who suited up got into the action. Our pregame speech was inspiring, our calisthenics Marinellike. But what I remember most about my first Quaker game was the press coverage. The following day there was an article, a short one, admittedly, in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* with my name in it. It said I threw two touchdown passes to Joe Hasset and, although it called me John in-

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They have a two-piece porous wick that can be replaced in a matter of moments. And a removable cartridge tank for fast, easy refueling.

One model even has a forced air fan system to circulate heat toward the floor to help eliminate cold spots.

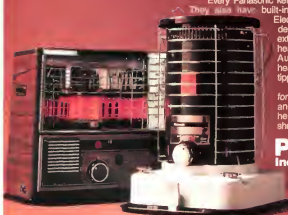
Panasonic convection heaters let you heat larger areas. And they have many of the same advanced features as our radiant models.

Every Panasonic kerosene heater is UL listed. They also have built-in anti-flare-up protection.

Electric ignition for quick, clean, dependable starts. One-touch extinguishing that shuts the heater down instantaneously. Automatic shut-off if the heater is knocked, jarred or tipped.

So when you're looking for an efficient, economical and dependable kerosene heater, a word to the wise should suffice: Panasonic.

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win. Hench Murray, our offensive coordinator, called a perfect game of triple options, flares and post patterns that drove the New Orleans D-backs insane.

Our next game was in Houston. Up to then I had ridden in an airplane only once, when my friend, Huck Farrell, had stolen \$10 from his mother and he and I had taken a 15-minute tourist flight around the City of Brotherly Love. It had been in a single-engine clunker built by the Harbison Milk and Airplane Company. I suspected Delta Air Lines would be different.

The Little Quakers gathered at 6 a.m. in Philadelphia's International Airport, feeling important and professional. Our blue blazers, personalized bags and military haircuts drew attention from many travelers. "We're the Little Quakers," we said. Most men recognized us as a football team, while the majority of women wanted to know more about our church group.

We arrived safely in Houston, slightly shaken by our first taste of air turbulence.

But there was no glad-handing mayor. No bands playing fight songs. I had envisioned myself standing at the top of the plane's stairs, waving to a pompon-wielding throng and squinting into the glare of the television lights.

We stayed at the AstroVillage Hotel on the same floor as the San Diego Chargers, who were in town to play the Oilers. Our game, the penultimate of our season, was scheduled to start after the completion of the Oiler-Charger encounter inside the Astrodome.

We had a guided tour of the Astro-dome on Saturday morning and later that afternoon we practiced on the turf to gain a feel for it. The tour was intoxicating. At the time I felt everything in life would surely be a letdown after playing in the Astrodome. What else could possibly match it? Little did this Little Quaker know.

Just before our game, we hustled from our locker room to a sideline area the stadium security force had cleared for us to loosen up in. More than 40,000 fans were

in the stands, cheering in vain for their Oilers to beat the Chargers. I warmed up my throwing arm—putting all of my 125 pounds behind each throw in case there were any scouts watching—with my favorite target. Hassett. He turned many 10-yard outs into 40-yard TDs that looked impressive in the next day's sports page. John Hadl, the Charger quarterback, intercepted one of my warmup passes on the sideline, spun the tiny ball—we used one three-fourths the size of a regulation ball—in his fingers and urged us to "beat up on a Texas team" the way the Chargers were. I stood like the Scarecrow facing the Wizard of Oz, mouth open, trying desperately to look cool. I fooled no one. Hadl threw the ball back to me (I dropped it), chuckled and jogged away. Just what I needed. I normally grew nervous and anxious before game time, but this was almost too much; the Astrodome, 40,000 fans, a game just 10 yards away and a brief encounter with John Hadl.

Our matchup with the Baby Long-

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and hands.**



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horns, representing Austin, was tied 16-16 with a minute and some to go and we had the ball on their 25, third-and-20. We had just been penalized for holding. I dropped straight back, faked a screen left and heaved the ball into the end zone. Hassett deftly took it over his head for six points. What a finish! I sprinted to Joe with congratulations—low five, then—when I realized he wasn't as excited as I. He'd already spotted the red flag lying in our backfield.

We were robbed. The backfield judge said our halfback, while pass-blocking, clipped a defender. I never heard of that call. Neither had our coaches, who were screaming their objections. I had been homered at the tender age of 14. The game ended tied.

Now the end of the season, which was coming up much too fast for me, was just seven days away. The Margate (Fla.) Blue Devils, from an area just northwest of Fort Lauderdale, stood between us and a winning season. Our record at that point was 2-2-1. To Little Quaker fans, that

was an abomination. But it didn't bother me. I was having too much fun to care about winning.

We arrived in Fort Lauderdale at noon on Dec. 26 to sunny Florida skies and 85° weather. The Margate mascot, an emaciated kid dressed in a brilliant blue devil's outfit, poked a rubber pitchfork at us as we departed.

We tossed our duffel bags onto a Greyhound and headed to city hall to meet our opponents and get some sort of certificate from the mayor. Along the way, a Chevy full of college girls trailed our bus. Alabama and Nebraska were also in the vicinity, getting ready for the Orange Bowl, and apparently these girls mistook us for one of those teams or the other. The bus windows were thickly tinted so they only saw the vaguest outlines of 45 males in blazers. The guys in the back of the bus motioned to the girls to follow us. They did. I worried what their reaction would be when they discovered that most of us hadn't begun to shave. When we arrived at our hotel, the

girls stopped and jumped out to greet us as we got off the bus. When they saw we were half-pint football players, they laughed, we laughed, and they kissed one of our players anyway. They were still laughing when they drove off.

Our game with the Blue Devils was taped to be televised in Philadelphia a month later. Minutes before kickoff, we lined up to introduce ourselves to the camera. We were told to give just our name, weight and position. I was second to go. I thought about pounding my chest and clenching my fist, but at 14 that was just too radical. "Jack Maley, 125, quarterback," I said, conservatively and without a hitch. I was fortunate. Jim O'Reilly experienced some stage fright. He said, "Chin Reilly, ah . . . I play, no . . . I'm 130 pounds old and run defensive back. Thank you."

We won the toss and elected to receive. Our first series produced just four yards, giving our punter the chance to loosen his leg. As I was jogging to the sidelines to converse with Levy, I recog-

continued



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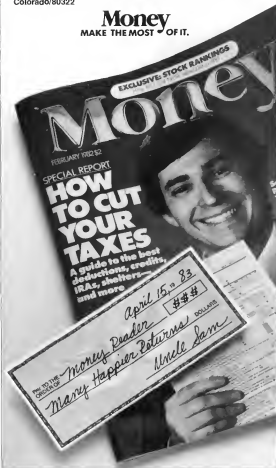
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REMINISCENCE continued

nized an old friend of his who had dropped by to say hello and offer some advice.

Ara Parseghian looks much larger face-to-face than he does on TV. The sight of him gave me goose bumps. This was, after all, Knute Rockne and John Wayne rolled into one hero sandwich. "Hello, Mr. Parmesan," I said, shredding his name into grated cheese. "Hi, Jack," he replied. "My God, he knows me," I thought. He knelt on one knee, put his arm around my shoulder pads and said, "Listen, on second down those middle linebackers are stacking over the guards and the down men didn't pinch. The middle is wide open. Next time you see that formation, no matter what you have called, keep the ball and sneak it." His voice was high and raspy, not one you would expect from a legend. But although he sounded like Slim Pickens, his words might have been etched in stone and delivered hot from Mount Sinai.

On our very next series, the Devil linebackers stacked over the guards. "Here goes nothin'!" I thought. I took the snap and started forward. Open field! I cut left and sprinted up the sideline. Just as Parseghian had said, the play worked perfectly—right up to the point when, 35 yards downfield and with nothing but green between me and the goal, I dropped the ball and a Blue Devil fell on it. I wondered if this would damage my chances of getting an athletic scholarship to Notre Dame.

Parseghian and I talked often during the rest of the game, and he helped us to beat the Floridians, 13-7. He left before it was over, so I never thanked him for his insights or for providing me with my biggest thrill of the season.

A month later Channel 6 in Philadelphia televised our Florida game. I watched it at a friend's house along with the rest of the kids in my neighborhood. It may not have approached a 50% audience share, but it was a felicitous ending to a season Chip Hilton would envy.

Being on TV, dropped ball and all, didn't signal the end of my football career, however. I was the quarterback for William Penn Charter School my senior year and was named MVP of the city all-star game. I also was the starting quarterback at Dickinson College for three years. But never again did I play in a dome or meet a Charger or get flown to a game. You're only 14—and a Little Quaker—once in your life.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 29-Dec. 6

Compiled by ARMIN KETEYIAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Lari scores the Dallas Mavericks' first 35 points before getting his first win. This year Dallas split its first 16 games, and falls in the Big D in taking playoffs. Only a 115-105 loss in Washington kept the Mavs from a perfect week. In the same game, 64 points from Forward Mark Aguirre helped it to drift Denver 140-129 and Golden State 110-100 moving the Mavs within two games of Midwest Division leader Kansas City (page 26). The Nets capped a perfect week by beating Milwaukee front-runner in the Central Division, 108-103 as Micky Johnson scored 20 points. Larry Bird had 30 points and Nate Archibald 21. In Boston was its 10th straight on the Pistons' home floor, 119-112. As a result of a 114-104 win at Los Angeles, Philadelphia was a game up on Boston in the race for Atlantic Division lead. Seattle edged out top in the Pacific Division, a half-game ahead of Los Angeles.

BOXING—THOMAS HILF ARN's assigned underdefending champion Wilfredo Barrios to win the WBC super welterweight crown in New Orleans (page 26). On the same card, WILFREDO GOMEZ retained his WBC super bantamweight title with a 14th-round TKO of Lupe Pineda.

HILARIO ZAPATA retained his WBC light flyweight title on an eight-round TKO of Toshiaki Tonoson in Tokyo.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—WEST GEORGIA defeated Augsburg 34-0 to win the NCAA Division III title in Painesville, Ohio.

PRO FOOTBALL—Atlanta Bay, 0-3 as the week began, bounced into the NFC playoff picture with two wins in seven days. On Monday night against Miami, Bay's offense, led by QB Steve Bartkowski, rolled down in a 23-17 victory with a 51-yard interception return. He then received two fumbles deep in Tampa Bay territory to secure a 17-10 win over New Orleans. The New York Giants also scored the playoff race, joining Houston 17-14 on two fourth-quarter touchdowns by rookie running back Bruce W. Smith. Chicago fans have New England 26-13 in Jon McMahon, the Bears' 51-yard quarterback tossed two touchdowns passed Dallas and Green Bay and Washington along the conference standings at 4-1. By beating the Saints 24-16 The Cowboys secured Washington Quarterback for thousands seven times and intercepted three passes. The Packers moved Buffalo 23-21. On Monday, recovered a fumble in the end zone for one Green Bay score and Jay Garner had four field goals. W.D. Andrews' 80-yard pass interception kept Atlanta's 34-27 triumph over Denver. St. Louis edged past struggling Philadelphia 27-20. And on Thursday night, San Francisco beat Los Angeles 30-24. In the AFC, Cincinnati beat Baltimore 26-17 to tie Miami, Pittsburgh and the Los Angeles Raiders, all at 4-1. For the conference lead, Miami defeated Minnesota 23-14, while Pittsburgh got three first-half touchdowns from Terry Bradshaw on road against the Chiefs of Kansas City. The Raiders edged surprise Seattle 28-23 (page 18), while Dan Fouts' 180 yards passing in the first half set up four first-half scores as San Diego romped 39-13 at Cleveland.

HOCKEY—Minnesota, 1-0-1 on the week, added points on the line of Hugs Wing Denis Cockburn, Center Neal Brattin and Left Wing Sam McCrory for its success. That three-goal got 22 points last week, including 11 in a 4-1 beating of Winnipeg. That helped Minnesota move within two points of first place Chicago in the Norris Division. The Black Hawks, as beaten in their previous six games, missed an opportunity to solidify their position when they lost to Washington. Montreal maintained its hold on the Adams Division lead, but the Canadiens may be losing footers. Boston, unbeaten in seven straight, closed in within two points of first place because of a 4-4 win over the Capitals, which was the Bruins' first in Montreal since Oct. 30, 1976. The unexpected—yet still Dallas Division—New York Islanders led in a 2-0 win over the Jets, which beat Edmonton 4-2 on two goals from Bill Barber playing in his 100th NHL game. The first of the week three points back of the Jets. The

New York Rangers moved to within six points of first, despite falling in Hartford 3-2 at home. Stoughton (page 68) scored twice for the Whalers. Edmonton won a Smythe Division showdown with Los Angeles and gained first place by three points over the Kings. Wayne Gretzky set another NHL record by getting a goal and four assists against L.A. He broke Guy Lardner's 1976-77 record of scoring at least one point in 18 consecutive games.

SWOONER ROGER—MISL San Diego moved into second place behind Phoenix (4-2) in the Western Division by beating Chicago 11-5 and Memphis 6-4, sandwiched around a 10-4 drubbing of Los Angeles. A 6-3 win over St. Louis kept Eastern Division-leading Baltimore 17-1 one game ahead of Cleveland, which has not scored to 3-1 with a 3-4 decision over Pittsburgh.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Martina Navratilova 6-3, 5-6, 6-3 to win the \$250,000 Australian Open in Melbourne. It was her first victory in that Grand Slam event.

In the finals of a \$300,000 WCT tournament in Chicago, JOEY WOLFE FIBAK beat Bill Scanlon 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4.

MILPOSTS—AWARDED The Hercules Trophy, to Georgia's junior Running Back HERSCHEL WALKER, 36, who gained 1,152 yards in 1980, this year's top on 335 carries. Stanford Quarterback John Elway finished second in the balloting.

FIRED As football coach at South Carolina, RICHARD BELL, 45, following a 4-7 season. He was replaced by JOE MORRISON, 45, who coached New Mexico to a 10-1 record last year. DON TAMBROUCH, 65, as Kansas' football coach after a 2-7-7 season in 1982.

NAMED As football coach on Michigan State, GEORGE PERLES, 48, former defensive coordinator and assistant head coach for the Pittsburgh Steelers, who in July had signed on as head coach of the NFL Philadelphia Stars.

REDESIGNED Following a 4-7 season, Tulane Football Coach VINCE GIBSON, 49, who had a three-year, 17-17 record with the Green Wave, North Carolina State Football Coach MONTE KIFFAN, 42, after a 6-5 season in 1982 and a three-year 16-17 mark. WALT NADZAR, 46, Connecticut football coach, who won 3-4 this season and had a six-year record of 24-36-2.

SELECTED BY TAC, LOS ANGELES as top of the 1984 U.S. Olympic track and field trials from June 14 to 24, and Buffalo and Olympics. With an aim of U.S. men's and women's Olympic marathons, respectively.

SIGNED By the New York Yankees, free agent Designated Hitter DON BAULRO, 33, formerly of the California Angels, on a four-year contract with a one-year option for a reported \$800,000 to \$900,000 per season plus incentives, by the Pittsburgh Pirates, free agent Leftfielder GENE TENACE, 36, one of the St. Louis Cardinals, to a multiyear contract for an undisclosed sum, by Atlanta, free agent leftfielder Rafael FERRER FERRER FORSLER, 30, an ex-White Sox Angler Dodger, to an assumed three-year, \$1.5 million contract.

DIED Former TCU football coach and National Football Hall of Fame member LOU ROBERT (Dutch) MEYER, 64, of natural causes, in Fort Worth. During his 19 seasons at TCU, Meyer had a 109-78-13 record and won the mythical national championship in 1978 and Southwest Conference titles in '78, '44 and '51.

CREDITS

6—Money Mike 13—Editorial by Sam D. West
14—Andy Hays 20—Richard Macklin 21—
Andy Hays 22—Richard Macklin 23—Andy
24—Tony Tocco 26—Tony Tocco 30—Carl Skala
32—33—Andy Hays 34—Ronald C. Modis 36—Paul
Brennan 38—Ronald C. Modis 40—Anthony
Nazzari 42—Ronald C. Modis 44—Jerry Wacker 46—
Carl Skala 48—Anthony Hays 50—Tony Tocco
52—Joe Wacker 53—Andy Hays 54—Tony Tocco
56—Raphael 60—Barry Tamm 62—Tony Tocco
64—Nancy Kuntz 66—Tony Tocco 67—G.C. Kel-
ley 68—Barry Tamm 69—Barry Tamm 70—Barry Tamm
71—Barry Tamm 72—Barry Tamm 73—Barry Tamm
74—Barry Tamm 75—Barry Tamm 76—Barry Tamm
77—Barry Tamm 78—Barry Tamm 79—Barry Tamm
80—Barry Tamm 81—Barry Tamm 82—Barry Tamm
83—Barry Tamm 84—Barry Tamm 85—Barry Tamm
86—Barry Tamm 87—Barry Tamm 88—Barry Tamm
89—Barry Tamm 90—Barry Tamm 91—Barry Tamm
92—Barry Tamm 93—Barry Tamm 94—Barry Tamm
95—Barry Tamm 96—Barry Tamm 97—Barry Tamm
98—Barry Tamm 99—Barry Tamm 100—Barry Tamm

FACES IN THE CROWD



ALAN SMITH
Atlanta

Alan, a senior at Pasadena High, broke the state Class A soccer scoring record with 34 goals in 11 games. A forward and team co-captain, he led Pasadena to its first Georgia soccer crown, defeating 1978-81 state champ Pace Academy 2-1.



MICHELLE DUSSANRE
Gardens Place, Calif.

Michelle, 13, teamed with Phil Cahoy for third place in the mixed-pairs in the Swiss Cup gymnastics meet. The U.S. junior state balance beam champ, she's the only American to do a round-off back flip with a full twist on the beam.



ED MALONEY
Miami Beach, Fla.

Maloney, 35, a left wing in deck hockey, which is played on a plastic ball with a no-bounce ball and the competitors wearing sneakers, had 111 goals and 110 assists in leading the Over The Hill Game up a 52-0 record since 1981.



TERRY LAMBERT
Pittsboro, N.C.

Terry, 5' 6", 165-pound Perry High senior, set a state soccer game mark by rushing for 436 yards in 36 carries in the Bluejays' 45-47 defeat of Clarke High of Osceola. He had 2,003 yards this year on 294 carries, including 34 rushes in one game.



JENNIFER CREPS
Vermont, N.C.

LESLEY JOHNSON
Saginaw, Mich.

Creps and Johnson, freshmen golfers at North Carolina State and James Madison universities, respectively, became the first women on record to hit consecutive holes in one in formal competition when, as part of a threesome, they scored the 140-yard, par-3 18th hole at MacGregor Downs in Cary, N.C. during the Lady Woodluff Invitational. Johnson, who shot a one-over par 74, scored a six-over par 82 on the second hole in the last two years. Creps held her first ace with a seven-iron. She shot 77.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WITH AND WITHOUT PRO FOOTBALL

Sir:

The article *The Ship Has Sailed Again* (Nov. 29) by Ahmad Rashad as told to Frank Deford was sensitive, and thus, unlike almost all poststrike articles that will be written, it offered a refreshing angle. The image of professional football was badly injured by the strike, and although it is true that loyal fans have short memories, many of us feel personally cheated. In this fan-athlete relationship, this is a serious offense. Rashad's enlightening account helped to bandage some of the wounds.

CYNTH BOWIE
Grove City, Pa.

Sir:

The three-part *Journal of a Plagued Year* (Oct. 18 et seq.) by Ahmad Rashad provided some of the finest reading to grace the pages of SI in recent years. It was similar to one of those good novels you just can't put down. In addition to possessing considerable journalistic talent and football ability, Rashad is a class act as a person. He makes it an extreme pleasure to support the Vikings, regardless of the final score. Now that he's retiring from football, I'm sure he'll attain similar success in his chosen field of broadcasting. I, for one, hope he'll also do occasional articles for SI.

JAY WILLEMSEN
Shakopee, Minn.

Sir:

I can't wait for the next NFL strike. Your issues while there was no pro football were the best ever.

DENNIS F. LINEHAN
New City, N.Y.

Sir:

You devoted 43 pages of your Nov. 29 issue to the moribund sport of college basketball and only 12 pages to the weekend's NFL action. Are you people aware that the strike is over and that NFL games have resumed?

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, Calif.

DEAN SMITH

Sir:

Being a lifelong Duke fan, I almost didn't read Frank Deford's story on North Carolina Basketball Coach Dean Smith (*Long Ago, He Won the Big One*, Nov. 29). However, I did read it, and I wish I had four hands—one to shake Deford's hand for writing it, one to shake Smith's hand for living it and two to dry my eyes. What a touching story about a man I thought I hated.

KENNETH T. GREEN
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sir:

The story of Dean Smith by Frank Deford

was terrific! I learned a lot about a man who I think is the best basketball coach anywhere. I remember the years with Larry Miller and Rusty Clark, and of course I remember Charlie Scott. I remember great games between North Carolina and Davidson; Scott always seemed to hit a shot at the end to win it for the Heels. I could talk all day about Dean and the Heels and I hope you'll print this, because I'm a North Carolina State fan!

BILL HICKS
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Dean Smith for Sportsman of the Year.

CIM YOMER
Siler City, N.C.

Sir:

As a University of Virginia graduate, over the years I have watched the struggles—mostly futile—of the Waahoos against Dean Smith's teams. Thus, I may be overly sensitive to an article such as Frank Deford's. However, I found misleading the intimation that coaches at three other North Carolina colleges felt so powerless to compete with Smith that they "fled the state." To picture Bill Foster (Duke), Lee Rose (North Carolina at Charlotte) and Norm Sloan (North Carolina State) as having to run away from the all-powerful Dean connotes a degree of failure in their programs that was simply not evident. As you point out, all three moves were preceded by highly successful seasons—capped by an NCAA second place, an NCAA semifinal berth and an NCAA championship, respectively. I think it would be much fairer to cast the decisions of these coaches to leave as having been made after they had accomplished a great deal. You also took a cheap shot at Virginia Coach Terry Holland by saying "consider the source," after quoting him regarding Smith.

When I began this letter, I identified my bias. Perhaps Frank Deford, Curry Kirkpatrick and the other Carolina alumni at SI would be kind enough to take off their shoes and show us their Tar Heels.

TIMOTHY G. CONNORS
Gladwyne, Pa.

• Deford's a Princeton man—ED.

STRONG ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

Sir:

Regarding the sidebar on what it took to arrange the television contract for the Virginia-Georgetown game (*Something's Gotta Give*, Nov. 29), I offer the following for the CBS executives who visited Georgetown Athletic Director Frank Rouse with their contract proposals (demands): *Quousque tandem*, CBS,

abutere patientia nostra? [How long, Cataline, will you abuse our patience?—Cicero]

It's too bad none of the CBS officials had studied Latin under Rennie at Archbishop Molloy High School in Queens, N.Y. It's also a shame none of them was ever caught smoking in the school yard at lunchtime by him. If the CBS men had had either of these experiences, they would have known before they walked through the door that their efforts were a waste of time. Thank you, Frank, for reminding the same stubborn, ethical s.o.b. that you were when you were teaching us of Caesar's conquest of the Helvetians.

VIC FEUERHERD
Milwaukee

Sir:

Frank Rennie's handling of the high-banded network bidding for rights to the Georgetown-Virginia game deserves kudos. Speaking as a fan who has had too many weekend plans ruined by schedule changes and temporary lighting installations, I say well done, Frank!

DAVID WOMACK
Greenville, N.C.

RANKED OR RANKLED

Sir:

Sorry, but your Top 20 college basketball prediction (*Scouting Reports*, Nov. 29) was as accurate as a weatherman's forecast. If Kentucky isn't one of the Top 5 teams in America, then the Baltimore Colts will win the Super Bowl!

LEWIS SOUTHALL
Cincinnati

Sir:

The fact that Houston, fresh from a Final Four appearance in New Orleans and returning perhaps the best front line in the country, didn't even rate a Top 20 ranking from SI is incredible. I expect you'll be feeling rather foolish come springtime.

DAVE BRADLEY
Houston

Sir:

What's the big idea? Arkansas not in your Top 20? The only reason I'll continue to take your magazine is to see the Razorbacks in your final Top 10.

TIM JOSLIN
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

Hi! Hi! What a joke! St. John's not in your Top 20!

ANDY SCHAEFFER
Bayside, N.Y.

Sir:

Maybe it was a little too much to ask for a spot in the Top 20 (*West Virginia No. 17*), but when you pick 52 teams to make the

NCAA tournament: it is an atrocity to ignore the Scarlet Knights of Rutgers.

TOM RYSINSKI
North Brunswick, N.J.

Sir:

You've forgotten the dark horse in last year's Final Eight, Boston College. I knew they wouldn't be in the Top 20, but come on, the Eagles should at least have been in the "Rest of the Best." I think you owe us BC fans a big apology.

TOM MCENANEY
Lynn, Mass.

CHERYL MILLER
Sir:

Congratulations on another spectacular College Basketball Issue! As a member of the San Dimas School girls' basketball team in San Anselmo, Calif., I especially enjoyed Roger Jackson's wonderful article on Cheryl Miller and the University of Southern California women's program (*She May Well Be the Best Ever*). Miller is an excellent example of a superstar athlete who's able to handle pressure, and she should be an inspiration to all young women athletes.

MICHELLE CHERRICK
Novato, Calif.

Sir:

I enjoyed the article on Cheryl Miller, because articles on women's sports are so rare. But I continue to return with increasing emotion to the line in Roger Jackson's article that says, "She hit her 105 points last January in a 179-15 win over Notre Vista High." I don't think that it's necessary or desirable for any coach to run up such a score. I hope that Cheryl isn't proud of the fact that she was able to achieve her California Interscholastic Federation record point total against an obviously mismatched team. I also hope that girls and their coaches aren't being corrupted by scholarships and headlines to the point where they feel they need to beat another team by 164 points.

BILL MURPHY
Lyme, N.H.

SPUD WEBB
Sir:

Upon receiving my Nov. 29 issue, I almost jumped for joy upon seeing the Spud Webb story (*He's Bigger Than He Looks*). If ever anyone deserved such coverage, it's Webb. I say that with respect because junior college basketball is relatively obscure, judging by the media coverage it receives, and because I witnessed Webb's feats at the National JC tournament in Hutchinson, Kans., last March. Words really can't describe his jumping ability; it's one of those things you have to see to believe.

Having watched many talented players as a lifelong Kansas resident and also as a UPI stringer, I can only say that Spud is the most amazing I've ever seen.

TONY JIMENEZ
Wichita, Kans.
continued

97

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The newly discovered prelude to "Brideshead Revisited"

A manuscript recently discovered in London is the highlight of a collection of short fiction by the man Graham Greene called "the greatest novelist of my generation." The new find, probably intended as the first chapter of a novel tracing the emotional roots of the enigmatic *Brideshead* narrator, and the other stories, some of them long out of print, represent the full range of Waugh's astute satirical view of the British aristocracy in decline.

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TRAGIC FIGHT (CONT.)

Sir: Your article on the Ray Mancini-Oak Koo Kim fight (*Then All the Joy Turned to Sorrow*, Nov. 22) was factual and poignant, but it failed to address one question: Could Kim's death have been avoided?

Several rule changes are needed to make professional boxing safer. For one thing, the gloves are too small and the bouts too long. Amateur fighters regularly use 10- or 12-ounce gloves, and the three-round bouts in the Olympics are among the most exciting in the sport. So why use lighter gloves or go 15 rounds? I realize there are boxers who can win a 10-round bout who couldn't win a 15-round championship match. But there are those who can win in 15 rounds who couldn't have won in yesterday's 40-rounders. Both Kim and Alexis Arguello (*It Was a Pryor Engagement*, Nov. 22) were injured after the 10th round.

An even better rule change would be to require headgear. College and military boxers are required to wear headgear in all bouts, with no loss of excitement, but I believe a study would reveal that their safety record, compared with professional boxing, is enviable. It's argued that the paying customers wouldn't like such a change, but remember that football players wore no headgear until just before the turn of the century.

The most important rule change, however, would be to require a standing eight-count, which is mandatory in college and Olympic boxing. If a boxer is shaken, the referee immediately breaks the action and gives the man a rest for eight seconds. The athlete isn't allowed to continue unless he's in condition to do so. Observers are fond of repeating that Oak Koo Kim was taken out with one punch, but Ralph Wiley's article points out that Kim was badly hurt by a Mancini right just before the knockout. If a standing eight-count rule had been in effect and if the referee had acted quickly, Kim might be alive today. Indeed, if all the rules I have suggested were in effect, I think it's highly probable that Kim would be alive.

Unfortunately, nothing will be done until there are more deaths, and then the outcry will be to ban boxing rather than to make it safer. But boxing will never be banned, it will just be driven underground, as it was 100 years ago.

Can boxing be made safer? You bet it can.
JOSEPH C. TENNEY
Past President
California Collegiate Boxing Conference
Petaluma, Calif.

Sir: While we sympathize with Oak Koo Kim's family and friends, we urge all sports fans and writers to consider the following: How many auto racers have died from participation in their sport? Indeed, how many racing fans have died as the result of accidents that oc-

curred while they were merely spectators? How many hunters have died in the woods and fields? How many people have died in boating accidents? How many jockeys have died from injuries incurred on racetracks?

Few people cry out to ban these sports, but I believe statistics would probably show boxing to be rather tame by comparison.

TOM PRILEOVSKY
JOE VANS
DAVE ROEHLER
Allentown, Pa.

Sir: The tragic outcome of the Mancini-Kim bout raises many important philosophical questions about the future of boxing. Of practical import, however, was your noting that Kim ingested "large amounts of" garlic and ginseng as part of his training regimen. Garlic is known to cause abnormalities in blood coagulation, specifically in the blood platelet function. These abnormalities can inhibit proper platelet aggregation and may predispose a person to bleeding. There is no doubt that repeated blows to the head can cause a cerebral hemorrhage such as that which occurred in Kim's case. Also, there is no way of knowing whether the extent of the damage could have been reduced if garlic hadn't been part of the training regimen. It makes sense, however, to avoid any agents that may impair blood coagulation before engaging in a sporting event where head trauma is likely.

STEVEN B. NEWMAN, M.D.
SARA M. NEELY, M.O.
Chicago

L.A. GAMES

Sir: Ray Kennedy's article on Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (*Miser With a Midus Touch*, Nov. 22), was very inspiring. It's good to know that someone in this country can balance a budget. Although Ueberroth claims to have no political ambitions, all I can say is that if he should ever run for President or any other political office, I'd surely vote for him.

SHAUN GREENE
Roseville, Calif.

Sir: As a taxpayer citizen of Los Angeles, I'm deeply indebted to Peter Ueberroth for his attempt to have a fiscally conservative Summer Olympics.

PAUL SHAPIRO
Reseda, Calif.

Sir: I was elated as I read Ray Kennedy's article about Peter Ueberroth and the 1984 Summer Olympic Games. However, I was distressed to find that certain topics, such as the possibility of a Soviet and/or black African boycott, the probability of massive traffic jams and the effect climatic conditions—intense heat and smog—could have on the athletes, weren't even mentioned in the article. You did briefly comment that Soviet officials, among others

from the Eastern Bloc, consider these games a capitalistic production.

Perhaps in a subsequent article, Ueberroth could discuss in detail how he intends to cope with these very real problems. And after he has done so, I then wonder if he will still believe that "this city is going to celebrate the Games. They will become a rallying point of pride in this country."

GREG FERNBACHER
Berkeley, Calif.

BAUGHMAN'S GEESSE

Sir: Michael Baughman's article *A Flight of Innocents* (Nov. 22) was excellent. I've never hunted the famous Canada goose, and I doubt that I shall. However, years ago, as a young boy in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, I hunted wild turkey, as had my father and my grandfather, so the article had a very special meaning. I also hunted until I had my "bag," and then, like Baughman, I felt a letdown, a feeling of remorse.

F.M. HOLMES JR.
Alta, Hawaii

Sir: What Michael Baughman didn't realize in his attempt to bag a Canada goose was that he had stumbled upon the huge flock that has since moved in to contaminate Winged Foot Golf Club in New York's Westchester County. Would he be good enough to come here with Hilde, Otto and his gun to disperse them if the artificial swans recently resorted to don't work?

GEORGE C. GAFFNEY
New York City

Sir: Michael Baughman's ability to say so much with so few words has always amazed me. I have been a fan of his short articles for years. His longer effort, *A Flight of Innocents*, was a pleasure to read and again proved his skill to move and entertain the reader.

JERRY MCNERNEY
Woodburn, Ore.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir: Julius Erving for Sportsman of the Year? Why? Because Wayne Gretzky, Jimmy Connors, Joe Montana, Mary Decker Tamm, Martina Navratilova, Alberto Salazar, the Mahre twins, Herschel Walker, Paolo Rossi, JoAnne Carner and the Rev. John L. Schuzo can't grab a quarter off the top of a backboard. As you may have noticed, these were the nominees mentioned in your Nov. 29 issue (19TH HOLE). Except, that is, for Ralph Sampson, my second choice.

J. JASON APPLETON
Hanover, N.H.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

On The Scene

by JIM SCHOTTELKOTTE

ONE MVP RELIVES HIS GREATEST GAME WHENEVER HE DRIVES HIS ALL-STAR CAR

In the winter of 1965-66, the old Cincinnati Royals of the National Basketball Association persuaded the Ford Motor Co. to donate an automobile as the MVP prize for the league's 16th annual All-Star Game, to be played Jan. 11 in the Cincinnati Gardens. Good public relations, the Royals suggested. And Ford agreed with them.

Royals General Manager Pepper Wilson suggested a Mustang, but somebody at Ford thought that All-Stars the size and stature of Wilt Chamberlain, Willis Reed and Bill Russell rated wheels not just good, but grand. So Ford offered a car as sleek and as powerful as the players the NBA would be showcasing—a seven-liter Galaxie 500 convertible with a 428-cubic-inch engine. The car retailed for nearly \$4,000, which, allowing for inflation, would be just about \$12,000 today. But forget about matching it; Ford hasn't made a car as powerful since.

It was the first time a prize of such value was offered in an All-Star Game, and there was some criticism around the league that the Royals were subverting the true team purpose of the sport and promoting individual play for personal gain. But the Royals ignored the criticism and plunged ahead, convinced that Wilt or Willis or Bill would enjoy this tribute to his playing skill. However, Chamberlain didn't win the car. Nor did Reed, nor Russell. Nor did Nate Thurmond, nor Oscar Robertson nor Jerry Lucas, nor John Havlicek, nor Rick Barry. Adrian Smith won it.

And he still has it, tucked away in a Cincinnati garage, looking just as it did the day Ford delivered it. Everything on it is cherry except the tires, and it has been driven only 44,000 miles in the last 16 years.

Smith was a sharpshooting guard who had been one of Adolph Rupp's famous

"Fiddlin' Five" at Kentucky and was Robertson's backcourt mate with the Royals for most of his 11-season pro career. The only time he played in an All-Star Game was in 1966, and if bets had been placed on who would be named MVP, he would have been the longest of long shots. Smith's East teammates included Robertson, Hal Greer of Philadelphia and Sam Jones of Boston as the other guards, Havlicek as a swing man, and the Royals' Lucas, Philadelphia's Chet Walker, New York's Reed, Philadelphia's Chamberlain and Boston's Russell. There was speculation before game time that East Coach Red Auerbach would play Russell as a forward and Chamberlain at center, putting the two dominant big men of their day into the game at the same time.

Smith was confident he wouldn't play early or much. The East was expected to win and had, in fact, won the last three East-West contests. But, for him, the game took an unex-

pected turn. When Jerry West, perhaps the West's most important player, went out early with an eye injury, Auerbach let everyone on his squad have as much playing time as possible. Smith got his chance much earlier than expected, and he made the most of it.

There was a partisan crowd of 13,658 in the Gardens that night. Playing part of the first quarter and all of the second, Smith scored 12 points in the first half, mostly on long jump shots. He added 12 points in 10 minutes of the second half, finishing with a team-high 24 on 9-of-18 shooting from the field and 6-of-6 from the free-throw line. He had three assists and an amazing eight rebounds, only two

fewer than Russell and one fewer than Chamberlain in almost the same playing time.

The final score was 137-94 in favor of the East, the most one-sided NBA All-Star Game in history. The MVP voting was the same kind of runaway—37½ votes for Smith as against 3½ for the first runner-up, Chamberlain.

"Lordy," said Smith, a self-styled country boy, "I can't believe it's happened to me."

Given his choice of colors for the Galaxie, Smith picked a combination of silver blue with a dark blue top and navy blue upholstery. For a while, he and his wife used the convertible as their regular car, but as smaller cars gained popularity, it drew more attention than either of the Smiths wanted, so into the garage it went. Now, it comes out only occasionally when Smith and his family go visiting, or on Sunday drives. "I don't even like taking it out in the rain," Smith says.

"My son Tyler was only six months old when I won it. One of the reasons I kept

it was because I thought it might be a good thing for him to have later on." Tyler is now 17, but like his mother and father, he only drives the car once in a while.

Smith has always been impressed by its power. "I had to pick up my wife and son in Mayfield, Kentucky once," he says, "and I just let it out on the turnpike to see what it would do. It got past

120 in no time. It was so fast I got scared."

Smith, now a sales and contract representative for Cincinnati's Central Trust Bank, has often thought about selling the Galaxie, but always concluded he didn't need the money badly enough to part with what the car stood for.

"I guess maybe some guys who made more money would have sold it in a week," says Smith. "But playing basketball was all I ever wanted to do. I'd like to play today. I've wanted to be a kid all my life, and I'm not going to change. The car is an important part of that feeling. I have pride in it. I know I'll never have an opportunity to win something like that again."

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL NEUBAUER



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